The Springfield Sun.

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF WASHINGTON COUNTY

VOLUME II. SPRINGFIELD, KY., WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 7, 1906. NUMBER 10

EXCITING TIMES

When The News-Leader Office Was Discovered to Be On Fire at Noon To-day.

At 1 o'clock this afternoon—Wednesday—fire was discovered in the office of the News-Leader. The fire was first discovered by Judge Noe, who was returning from dinner. When he opened the door leading into the office a volume of smoke issued from the room. He gave the alarm and in less than five minutes the fire-fighters had the hose attached to the fire plug. But here matters did not work so smoothly, one section of the hose being frozen. For a few seconds it seemed as if we were going to have a big fire indeed. However, cool heads released the defective section, and immense stream of water was thrown upon the flames which had gained considerable headway, but it only required a few seconds to extinguish them.

The fire caught from the stove during the noon hour.

As is well-known the News-Leader is located on the second floor of the old Opera House building. Below is located Walter Riedel saloon and above—on the third floor—is B. D. Lake's Cigar Factory. Mr. Riedel suffered considerable damage from the water which ran down in torrents from the News-Leader office. Campbell's grocery was also damaged by water.

The damage to the building is slight, but the damage done to the type typecases, stones, etc., in the News-Leader office will amount to considerable. It is not thought that machinery is seriously damaged. However, before this can be decided a test will have to be given the presses.

HILLBORO.

We had a lovely snow Sunday night and it is fine on tobacco beds.

Rev. W. E. Sutherland attended church at Springfield last Sunday.

Quite a crowd from here attended the funeral of Dr. Wells at Willisburg Sunday.

Mrs. C. M. Hines and daughter, Miss Mary Agnes, visited Mrs. Mit Noe last Sunday.

Mr. J. H. Coulter and wife were in Mackville last Sunday.

Mrs. Annie Montgomery spent Sunday afternoon with Mrs. J. M. Montgomery.

Mr. Erastus Perkins, of Willisburg, was in our midst Saturday and Sunday.

Mr. George Dean, who left here to make his home at Cardwell, visited his sister, Mrs. Sam Montgomery, Sunday.

Mr. C. M. Hines and son, Davy, and J. H. Settles returned from the city last Friday, where they sold their tobacco, they report a good market.

Mrs. John Shewmaker visited her son, Will Shewmaker, Sunday, whose wife is very sick.

If all reports are true we can report some weddings before long.

Miss Maggie Montgonery returned home Sunday after a visit to relatives in Nelson and Spencer county, accompanied by her uncle, Mr. I. M. Washburn.

B. H. McIlvoy and wife were in Springfield Saturday shopping.

Mrs. Pearl Sutherland is on the sick list.

Miss Jennie Noel spent Monday evening with Misses Maggie and Effie Montgomery.

Iven Armstrong and wife were in Springfield Saturday.

Mrs. J. H. Coulter and daughter, Effie, were in Springfield Friday shopping.

Miss Zora Montgomery left Monday for a visit to relatives in Spencer county.

In Self Defense

Major Hamm, editor and manager of the Constitutionalist, Eminence, Ky., when he was fiercely attacked, four years ago, by Piles, bought a box of Bucklen's Arnica Salve, of which he says: "It cured me in ten days and no trouble since." Quickest healer of Burns, Sores, Cuts and Wounds. 25c at C. J. Haydon's drug store.

PAPER BARGAINS.

The Springfield Sun, Louisville Daily Herald and Farm and Fireside, All Three, For $2.00.

The remarkadle clubbing offer which we have been making for the past month—The Sun, Daily Herald and Farm and Fireside—will be extended through February. After that it will be discontinued. This is the most liberal offer that will be made during the year, and you can hardly afford not to take advantage of it. If you do not want The Daily Herald you can get The Sun and Farm and Fireside one year for $1.

Marriage Announcement.

Miss Della Grigsby and Mr. Charles McCarty will be married at the Coxs Creek Baptist Church in Nelson county, at 10 o'clock a. m., Feb. 14. The bride is the youngest daughter of Mr. Wm. Grigsby and a sister of W. F. Grigsby, of this place. The groom is a popular young farmer of Nelson county. After their marriage they will make their home near Fairfield.

MOORESVILLE.

Born, since our last letter, to the wife of Boone Mattingly, a 14 pound son.

Mr. Ham Virgin is quite ill of typhoid-pneumonia.

Several of our neighbors have sold their tobacco crops. Prices ranging from 5 to 10 cents per pound.

Mrs. Mary E. Weekly is on the sick list.

Mrs. Maggie Pebbet, of Louisville, is visiting relatives at this place.

Mrs. Thos. P. Moore is visiting her daughter in Indiana.

Born, to the wife of Silas Armstrong, a eight pound girl.

Bad colds are prevalent in our community.

Mrs. W. O. Ellis and daughter, Miss Nancye, were in Springfield Wednesday.

Mr. Bernard Wall and wife have gone to housekeeping.

Mr. Ham Vergin is still low with typhoid fever.

Miss Maggie Smith visithd her sister, Mrs. Ed. Bobbtt, of Springfield, last week.

Mr. Erastus Yates and mother attended the funeral of Walter Wells last Sunday.

Misses Verna Wells and Essie Rhyne, of Tatham Springs, are visiting Mrs. Ed. Yocum.

Mr. Kimberlin moved Saturday to the Henry Miles farm, about six miles below Bardstown.

There is no railroad agent at Booker now.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Yocum gave a social last Saturday night in honor of Misses Verna Wells and Essie Rhyne. Those present were: Misses Katherine Kimberlin, Nora Armstrong, Amanda Baker, Nancye Ellis, Dessie and Eunice Weekley, Lattye Mattingly and Messrs. Carl Yancy, Jake Kimberlin, Hubert Mattingly, George Moul, Johnnie Ellis, Ben Reddicks, Dena Weekley, Johnnie Green and Sam Yocum.

Sheep Killed.

Mr. W. S. Good had five ewes killed by a dog, Mr. Elijah Farris had seventeen killed and Arthur Eddleman had one killed and T. D. Clarkson had five killed.

STINNETT.

Rev. Allen filled his regular appointment at New Liberty Sunday. A large crowd was in attendance.

James Snyder and Evin Philips were here Saturday on business.

Clarence Bloxton and wife were the guests of Richard Bloxton, of this place, Sunday.

Miss Maud Redmond is the guest of Mrs. Bettie Adams this week.

Miss Rose Leathers was the guest of friends here last week.

Edward Johnson was at VanBuren last week on business.

Mr. McGinnis and wife visited Dr. Adams last week.

Z. Y. Hill has his new blacksmith shop completed at this place.

Bank of Waddy, Shelby county, assigned. Assets and liabilities have not been made known.

JACK McCHORD
Winner In the Recent Inter-Collegiate Declamatory Contest.

BARN BURNED.

Dee Riley Loses Barn, Two Fine Horses, 100 Barrels of Corn and Farming Implements.

On last Friday morning about 10 o'clock the barn on the old Taylor Harmon place, four miles from town on the Mackville and Springfield pike, was destroyed by fire. Mr. Dee Riley is living on the farm, and his loss is quite a severe one. Two good animals—one a good work horse, the other an exceptionally fine mare were burned to death, besides all farming implements, gearing, etc. In the barn at the time were 100 barrels of corn, about three tons of hay and other feed stuff, all of which was consumed by the flames. Mr. Riley had insurance ammounting to $200; but the loss is between $800 and $1000.

The fire is supposed to have originated as a result of a hired hand "taking" a smoke in the loft.

GOOD POSITION.—Mr. Hugh Noe has accepted a position with the International Harvester Co., and will begin work Monday. Mr. Noe will travel in Washington, Casey, Bovle, Marion and Mercer counties. The position is a good one—one that requires a responsible man. The company could not have selected one who will give them better service than Hugh Noe. He is an excellant business man and an affable gentleman, and we predict that the company will be thoroughly satisfied with his work.

MACKVILLE.

Some of our citizens say they are glad to see the snow which fell last night, as snow has been scarce this winter.

Friday was ground hog day, and if there should be any truth in the old proverb we are to have some winter yet.

Some of the Mackville boys have a pet ground hog and a house for him, but he was well kept in and did not get a peep at the beautiful day of sunshine.

Quite a number from this place attended the funeral of Walter Wells at Willisburg Sunday.

Jeff. Johnson, of Harrodsburg, is visiting relatives here.

W. P. Hatchett and John Riley spent Thursday night at the home of Uriah Shewmaker.

Mrs. Ben Powell is quite sick of pneumonia.

Mrs. Mittie Hatchett was in Springfield last Thursday.

Mr. Will Harmon and Miss Annie Haydon were visiting near Texas Sunday.

Dr. W. T. Barnett was in Louisville last week.

Mrs. Parlee Isham, who has been ill for some time, continues very low.

Mrs. Carrie Lester, who has pneumonia, is some better.

Little Jimmy Sharp is also sick of pneumonia.

With best wishes for The Sun. X

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Death of Mrs. Steele.

Died, at the home of her daughter, on last Thursday morning, at 8 o'clock, Mrs. Nancy Steele, wife of Mr. Harrison Steele. She was taken suddenly ill on Saturday night of pneumonia and suffered intensely until Thursday morning when God beckoned, and she quietly obeyed His blessed call. All that two noble physicians and a loving husband and children could do was in vain. She was 83 years of age and had been married 64 years. She was of a noble disposition—was good to everybody; her kind words and smiling face made her always a welcome guest. After the funeral services, which were conducted by Rev. Simms, the body was laid to rest in the cemetery at Willisburg.

She leaves a husband, a son and three daughters to mourn their loss. X.

Our Water Works.

"Says the Glasgow Times: Franklin, Elizabethtown, Madisonville, Litchfield, Stanford, Lancaster, Cadiz, Greenville, Princeton, Bardstown, Russellville, Springfield and twenty other cities of Kentucky are in the same municipal class with Glasgow, but when it comes to water works Glasgow is in a class all by herself."

Springfield has a fifteen acre lake, with twenty-five feet of water in it. The water passes through two immense filters, and then, with 100 pounds of pressure behind it is forced into Springfield. It is pure—and as clear as a crystal; it is absolutely free from all poisonous matter, the lake being located in the suburbs of the town—"just over the hill," therefore, no impure drainage or seepage finds its way into the body of water. The same plant makes our ice and supplies our electric lights. And there are none better.

Now, what sort of a system has Glasgow?

Death of a Child.

George, the little seven-months-old son of Mr. and Mrs. Rutlage Wharton, of near town, died last Thursday afternoon at 1 o'clock of pneumonia and its body was interred in the cemetery here Friday morning. The little one was suddenly stricken and its life was dispaired of almost from the beginning of its illness. The child, although yet a mere infant, was bright and unusually interesting. The friends of Mr. and Mrs. Wharton sympathise with them in the loss of their baby.

Galveston's Sea Wall

makes life now as safe in that city as on the higher uplands. E. W. Goodloe, who resides on Dutton St., in Waco, Tex., needs no sea wall for safety. He writes: "I have used Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption the past five years and it keeps me well and safe. Before that time I had a cough which for years had been growing worse. Now it's gone." Cures chronic Coughs, La-Grippe, Croup, Whooping Cough and prevents Pneumonia. Pleasant to take. Every bottle guaranteed at C. J. Haydon's drug store. Price 50c and $1.00. Trial bottle free.

Lexington is after next meeting of Kentucky State Grange, to be held next October.

Smith's Grove is a dry town and the lid is on tight, it is said.

BAD MEN.

Kirt Bell, Henry Bell and William Ackridge Captured in Taylor County.

Louisville Herald: One of the most important raids ever made in Kentucky was carried through to a successful conclusion Monday night by United States authorities, and three men were arrested on the charge of moonshining and a large stock of whisky, together with the most complete and effective paraphernalia owned by moonshiners taken into custody recently, was secured. The raid took place in Taylor county, several miles from Campbellsville, the county seat, and was made after an investigation of many weeks by the authorities.

Kirt Bell, Henry Bell and William Ackridge were arrested, and were taken to Campbellsville and jailed, pending the arrest of others believed to be implicated. Warrants for the arrest of all concerned were secured here Monday, when Jefferson Cundiff, Deputy United States Marshal, returned from Taylor county after having gathered evidence to show that moonshining was being done.

Those in the raiding party were Revenue Agent T. J. Parrott, and Deputies Cundiff, Barlow and Reynolds. The story has been kept secret by the authorities there and in Louisville, as other men are to be arrested shortly.

But it was learned that the work of the moonshiners showed that they had been carrying on operations for a long while and that they had produced an immense amonnt of liquor illicitly.

No one has been arrested in Taylor county on this charge recently, and it had been supposed until a short time ago that with the breaking up of the gang of moonshiners in Hardin county the Revenue Agent would have little work to do in the immediate future.

Rev. Cates' Remarkable Revival.

Kentucky Standard: Rev. Cates, who is well known in Nelson county, having been at one time pastor of the Cox's Creek church, is conducting a great meeting at Paducha. The meeting has now been going on about eight weeks and there have been 485 additions to the Baptist church in which he is holding the meeting and over a hundred to other curches. The revival is having a wonderful effect on Paducha and the interest continues to increase. Rev. Cates is a brother-in-law of Mr. E. S. Wigginton, of Bardstown, and has held remarkable revivals at Lebanon, Junction, Buffalo and other points in this section of the State.

Card of Thanks.

We desire to thank our friends for their kindness in rendering their assistance in our late bereavements.

A. B. Wells and family.

Farm and Stock Sales.

(Kentucky Standard.)

At the recent sale of personal property of George Robinson, near Fairfield, stock etc., sold as follows: 25 stock ewes, $6.85 per head; 25 ewes, $6.10 per head; Jersey cows, $50; cow and calf, $41; old Jersey cow, $28; brood mare, $171; small mare, $120; bay horse, $72; blemished four-year-old horse mule, $80; bay mare, $50; seven shoats, 150 pounds each, $6.50 per head; 110-pound hogs, $7; fat hogs, 600 pounds, $24; 400-pound hogs, $17; three 190-pound hogs, $10.50 each; sow and nine pigs, $30.50; sow and six pigs, $24; two brood sows, $10.50 and $12; 800 bushels of corn in shuck, in 100-bushels lots, sold at 41 to 45 cents per bushel.

Mr. Eugene B. Ray, of Louisville, has traded his farm near Samuels, to Mr. James Edwards, of Boston, for business property, etc., at Lebanon Junction.

Mr. Willis Ballard, of Bardstown, has sold his farm near the Gilkey's Run turnpike, several miles from Bardstown, to Mr. James W. Hutceins for $3,450.

Mr. Val Frey has sold his farm to Mrs. Kate C. Davis for $5,378. The place is situated near Early Times and contains 250 acres. We understand Mr. Frey and children will remove to Louisville.

W. H. Nall, of Tonieville, Warren county, has a female setter dog that has just weaned a pig which she nursed for months.

LLOYD CLARKSON

Gets Bullet In Leg.---Intended For Another.

Will Walker, a negro, and Lee Boone, a white boy, became engaged in a difficulty, near the depot this afternoon over some trivial matter; the former pulled a revolver and shot. The ball missed its mark and struck Mr. Lloyd Clarkson in the leg, breaking the leg. Both the negro and the white boy have been arrested.

Tribute to Walter Well.

"Friends who have loved me are slipping away; silently, onward they glide. As the seasons come and go messages bring us sad news of the departure of loved ones."

We quote: "When I remember all the friends so linked together, I've seen around me fade like leaves in wintry weather, I feel like one who treads alone some banquet hall deserted, whose lights are fled, whose garlands dead, and all but he departed." Just as our friend, companion and schoolmate was entering into that grand and noble work which he had planned an Alwise God deemed it best to stretch forth His loving arms and say unto his faithful servant: "Thy Mission is done; well done, thou good and faithful servant."

God's finger touched him and he slept, for death is only that golden key that opens the palace of eternity.

Walter, the youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Wells, left this life February 2, 1906. He left a host of friends to mourn their loss. His precious body was kept two days and nights at his home in Willisburg. His casket was covered with a sheet of lovely flowers, presented by the K. O. T. M., and floral designs from the parents, sister and brothers, four young ladies from Lousiville and his physician who nursed him so tenderly. It is said that one so young and with such bright prospects should be called from earth, but God knows best.

Loved ones, sorrow not, your son has gone to make the course of glory brighter. Be faithful and it will be but a short time until you will be permitted to meet him where sorrow, pain and parting will be no more. We can not say, we will not say that Walter is dead. He is just away. "With a cheery smile and a wave of the hand, he has wandered into an unknown land," and left us dreaming; very fair, it must be since he lingers there.

Think of him still the same. Walter is not dead, he is just away.

M. B. M.

Resolutions of Respect.

At a meeting of the West Tent, No. 63, Willisburg, Ky., held Feb. 2, 1906, the following preamble and resolutions were adopted;

WHEREAS, It has pleased the Great Architect of the universe to remove from our midst our late sir Knight, Walter Lee Wells.

WHEREAS: It is but fitting that a recognition of his ability to build up in life be had.

Resolved; By West Tent, No, 63, while we bow with humble submission to the will of the most high we do not the less mourn for our sir Knight who has been taken from us.

Resolved: That in the death of Walter Lee Wells this tent laments the loss of a sir Knight, who was ever ready to profer the hand of aid and the voice of sympathy to the needy and distresed of the fraternity and active members of this tent whose utmost endeavors were exerted for its welfare.

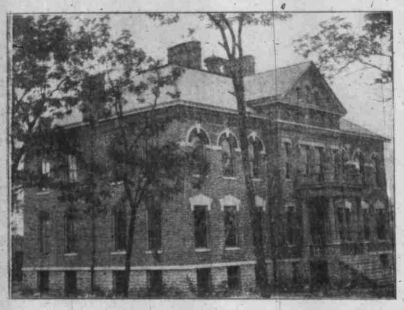
Resolved: That we sincerely condole with the family of the deceased on the dispensation with which it has pleased Divine Providence to afflict them, and commend them for consolation to Him who orders all things for the best, and whose chastisements are ment in mercy.

Resolved: That these resolutions be spread upon the records of the tent and a copy of them be transmitted to the father, mother, sister and brothers and to each of the newspapers of the county.

Resolved: That as a mark of respect and honor to the memory of our deceased sir Knight, we drape our charter for a period of ninety days.

L. W. JENKINS.
W. P. CHEATHAM,
JOHN GORDON,
Committee.

Springfield's Graded School Building.



GEO. COLVIN, A. B.——PRINCIPAL.
Teacher of High School Department and of Elocution.

Teachers In Springfield Graded School.

Miss Jennie Redding — Teacher of Sixth Grade—graduate of St. Catherines and of Scientific and Normal Departments of Lebanon, (O.) College. Twenty-five years' experience in County High and Graded Schools.

Miss Ella Duncan—Teacher of Second and Third Grades—graduate of Valparaiso Normal school. Twenty-two years' experience in public and graded schools of Nelson and Washington counties.

Miss Bessie Roberts — Teacher of Fourth Grade. Graduate of Covington High School. Poet of her class. Five years' experience in private, public and graded schools.

Miss Bettie Irwin—Teacher of Music —graduate of Caldwell College and of Cincinnati Conservatory; specializing on Piano. Five years' experience as as teacher.

Walter Hume—Teacher of Seventh Grade—graduate Springfield High School, of Harrodsburg Academy, normal course. Three years' experience in county and Graded Schools.

Miss Sallie Carrico—Teacher of Fifth Grade—graduate of Springfield High School and of Nelson Normal. Eight years' experience in county and Graded Schools.

Miss Emma Noonan—Teacher of First Grade—graduate of St. Catherines and of Normal Department of State College at Lexington. Twelve years experience in graded schools of Arkansas and Kentucky.

Stith Thompson—Teacher of Eight Grade—graduate of Indianapolis Manual Training and High School. Two years at Bethlehem College. First year's experience at teaching.

...The School, Briefly...

If we were asked what one institution, more than another, determines the character of a community, we would unhesitatingly answer it's schools. This is peculiarly true in a country such as ours where men are esteemed for what they are, rather than for whence they came; for worth rather than birth. Our schools determine our homes; our schools and our homes determine our lives. These are the foundations of our social, commercial and civil fabric. The most of modern evils of which we justly complain are traceable to imperfect or neglected education.

Even conscience is a matter of education and statistics tell us that most of the criminals come from the ignorant. In forty seven counties in Kentucky, 20 per cent. of the population can neither read nor write and in these counties lawlessness goes hand in hand with illiteracy. It is poor economy to rot the school to support the prison. The general laws of our Commonwealth do not sufficiently provide for our educational facilities, and as a consequence there is at present a well defined and general movement toward some better plan. The recognition of this imperfection in our school system has led to the establishment of Graded schools in many towns and in all our cities and the success of the experiment everywhere has proved its wisdom.

Under the common school system the terms were too short to obtain the best results and the money allowed by the State insufficient to secure the best professional talent, and, when private on subscription schools were tried they were only partially patronized and were lacking in uniformity in course or method. The result was that boys and girls lost several years in preparing for collegiate courses and when they were not able to go to college, as was the case with the majority, the opportunity to acquire an education was lost forever.

The Graded School System met both these evils. The term was extended from five or six to ten months, the pupils properly graded, as they could not be under the old system; by local taxation, the trustees were able to secure the best professional talent to be had and a common course adopted not only preparing those who desire to take the college course without loss of time, but affording those who did not or could not take a course of instruction thorough enough to meet all practical needs.

Seme three years ago, the leading citizens of Springfield thro concentrated and untiring effort secured the establishment of a Graded School, procured desirable grounds, conveniently located and had built a magnificent brick building of eight rooms, heated and ventilated by the best modern methods with a seating capacity sufficient to accomodate four hundred pupils. Many, at that time, were opposed to the plan and objected that the tax would be a burden and that the building was unnecessary as not more than two hundred pupils had attended the free school. Yet the success of the school in its two year's experience has silenced all objections, even converted its former opponents into enthusiastic supporters.

Last year over four hundred boys and girls were enrolled. Property has rapidly appreciated in value, new comers being attracted by our school, and every business house in town has felt a new trade impulse from it. These are the immediate benefits; but the greater benefits are yet to come in a better educated community and county. The next generation will have even greater cause for pride in our school. Not the least encouraging feature of the school is the unaminity with which it is supported. Being strictly non-sectarian in its board and in its conduct, it recieves the generous support of Catholics, Baptists, Methodists, Presbyterians and Disciples. It is doubtful if anywhere else in our State can be found a community where all it's people work so harmoniously together for it's common good. The school reflects this condition.

Fellowship and good will for all prevail. All for each, and each for all and the success of the school forever characterizes its student body. It's patronage is not confined alone to Springfield; already it has begun to attract boys and girls from the county and adjoining counties, so that last year more than fifty pupils were enrolled outside the district.

The school has just entered on the second term of its second year and its enrollment exceeds that of last year at the same date.

Its curriculum embraces a comprehension course of instruction thro the common, intermediate and high school and collegiate branches. It prepares its pupils for entrance into the second year of all Southern Colleges and equips its graduates with a thorough educational foundation for life. Its graduates are fitted for examinations for County and State certificates to teach. It teaches all the branches taught in Normal Schools and at the close of the school year (in May) a special course of two months is given to those who wish to take the county examinations. It is under the conduct of an able corpse of experienced teachers. It employs the latest methods in its primary department. It makes a specialty of elocution and its pupils are thoroughly drilled in public speaking, reciting and debating. The music department is under the control of Miss Bettie Irvine, whose success as a teacher is attested by the excellence and skill of the playing of the pupils under her charge.

Athletics are encouraged to the end that the development of mind and body may go together.

With such educational advantages, can we not congratulate ourselves? With such opportunities must ignorance not be regarded as doubly a crime? See to it, fathers and mothers, that your children lose none of the benefits offered. Whatever else you leave them, give them sound minds in sound bodies, well developed and trained faculties, fit them to be leaders in life's battles.

This is the day of educated men and women. The ignorant are helpless. The farm, the store, the shop, the professions all are demanding educated men. The questions of most moment now are to be answered by our children. As you answer your children's cry for knowledge, so will they answer these.

CORNELL BOYS MUST SWIM.

New Order Makes Swimming Requirement For Graduation.

"In view of the fact that recent wars have conclusively demonstrated that a soldier who cannot swim is so much dead timber in the command, and the United States now refuses to graduate from West Point or Annapolis cadets who are unable to swim, no student will be credited with a passing mark for the spring term's drill who has not precisely passed an examination in swimming satisfactory to the professor of physical culture."

This order, recently issued by Captain Frank A. Barton, commandant of the corps of cadets of Cornell university, practically makes swimming a requirement for graduation from Cornell, says a special dispatch from Ithaca, N. Y., to the New York Globe. Military drill is required of all male students in four year courses.

The rule is thus far reaching in its effects and makes Cornell the only college in the country to require a swimming test for the satisfactory completion of its courses.

Subscribe for The Sun. $1.00 year

Making Perches.

There is no advantage in placing perches one above another, stair fashion, in the hypotenuse of a triangle. If they be thus arranged the distances of the perches from each other must be measured on the base of the triangle, from the fact that the droppings fall perpendicularly. They should be far enough apart to avoid soiling the plumage. If there is no economy of space in this arrangement there is no argument for it.

Fowls will jump from the lowest perch to the next and so on to the highest and then quarrel. They all want the highest place. It is preferable to have the perches placed on a level platform to catch the droppings. It may be just high enough to be handy in cleaning and the perches about one foot above it. All perches should be movable, so as to facilitate the application of kerosene when necessary to every part. Perches should be at least two inches wide and rest firmly in a slot or mortise. Fowls will cling to one edge of a wide perch, and the width will give opportunity to rest the weight on the shanks. A very narrow perch makes it necessary to bear the weight on the breastbone, mainly in one spot, and thus it becomes bent to one side. This deformity is caused in many instances by roosting on the chimb of a barrel or on the small limbs of trees.—Feather.

Three banks of Carter county have deposits aggregating $175,051.33, while four in Fleming county have $621,378.00.

BLACKSMITHING, HORSESHOEING.

I have established a blacksmith shop one-half mile from Springfield on east Texas and Danville pike. Horses shod, new shoes, 80c around; old shoes, 40c around. Buggy and wagon repairing at lowest prices. I have Will Hirt employed. RICHARD RILEY.
pd10

Carriage Shop.

I am prepared to do all of your woodwork and repairing at the most reasonable price FOR CASH.
Upholstering of all kinds done.
Grain Cradles for sale.
I also have one new shop-made buggy and spring wagon and one second-hand spring wagon. Buggy trimmings of all kinds on hand.

W. H. BOND,
July 1, 1906 Springfield, Ky.

Sringfield Sun,
Daily Herald,
Farm and Fireside,
ALL THREE PAPERS ONE YEAR
$2

FARMERS.

We have a full supply of all kinds of seed. Northern White Oats—The best, Clean Clover Seed, Timothy, Blue Grass, Etc. Our prices are always reasonable. When you want anything in this line give us a call.

PLOWS.

We are agents for the Olliver Chilled Plow for Washington county and Syracuse Hillside Plow. These are the best.

WELLS BROS.

SPRING
OPENING

Mr. Swaffield, representing the Globe Tailoring Co., will be with me in Springfield,

MONDAY AND TUESDAY,
FEBRUARY 12 and 13

Also part of the day Wednesday, the 14th, and I will hold my Spring Opening.

I will have on display about 400 samples—the latest weares. You know us for workmanship and fit. Hold your orders for the "Old Reliable."

W. T. LEACHMAN.

During February

The Springfield Sun and Farm and Fireside---both papers---one year for

$1.00.

The Louisville Daily Herald

$1.00 Extra

Or $2.00 for all three papers one year.

Since extending this offer to our subscribers—commencing the first of last month—we have been doing an immense subscription business. We were so well pleased with the business done that we wrote to the Herald and Farm and Fireside and asked for a continuance through February. They granted it. After this month the offer will be withdrawn.

THE SPRINGFIELD SUN.

LOST CHILD.

The Newspapers of the Country Are Asked to Find Child of Indiana Doctor.

The following is taken from The New Harmony Times of Posey county, Indiana:

If the editor of every paper in the central west will republish these lines there is no question but what Dr. S. L. Byers, of Seeleyville, Ind., will recover his little son, who was stolen from his home one year ago last May. Dr. Byers has spent his entire fortune in search for his child and unless the big-hearted, whole-souled members of the press come to his assistance, his son will grow up an outlaw and an outcast among the lowest people of the earth. It is a cause that should appeal to every one and no father reading these lines can do so without a quickening of the heart and a sympathetic throb. It is believed that if this article is re-printed in the newspapers it will form an endless chain that will uncover the lost boy's concealment and return him to his distracted parents. In doing this the profession of journalism will be fulfilling one of its highest destinies.

Publishers whose circulations touch the Wabash, Ohio and Mississippi valleys are especially requested to reproduce this story of the lost child as Dr. Byers believes his boy is now on the river in a houseboat waiting to take the road in the Spring. There is a reward of $500, awaiting any information that will lead to the boy's recovery. No questions will be asked and if the abductor himself would deliver the boy to his parents he would not be molested. The bereaved parents are heart broken with grief and want only their child. If each journal will reprint these lines, they will travel to every exchange table in the United States and bring back to a wretched home a child who is now no doubt suffering with cold, unfed and wretched to a degree. Think of what your own feelings would be under similar circumstances! This appeal is indicted originally by a publisher who saw Dr. Byers only once, has no personal interest in his quest other than the bond of sympathy that makes the world akin, and is inspired from the belief that the lost boy can only be found through the united effort of the country press of which he is proud to be a member. His recovery will be a triumph in the advertising and no editor whose heart is placed right will refuse this appeal. Remember, it may be yours next!

The following is a description of the lost boy:

DESCRIPTION.

Richmond Byers, if alive, was six years old last July, is of light complexion, has gray eyes, left eye is noticeably crossed, has a small V shaped nick in the edge of the lett ear, has a sharp chin and a narrow, and projecting forehead. He is rather small for his age and is unusually bright and intelligent, takiug after the manner of a boy much older.

Dr. Byers has searched among the roving bands that frequent the United States and believes that his son can be found among travelling junk dealers, so-called horse traders or movers. He does not think the boy was stolen by genuine gypsies. He thinks he was taken by a wondering band that used him for the porpose of begging in the towns along the route.

(Exchanges please copy).

"KING COAL"

is "a jolly old soul," "a jolly old soul is he." He brightens the gloom of the stormy, wintry nights, and defies Jack Frost whilst keeping us warm. Who doesn't love a bright coal fire with its glow of cheer? COAL THAT WARMS, that drives away the blues, that is worth all asked for it, is the kind to be had at my yard. Read this and 'phone an order.

I BUY PRODUCE

M. H. Jones

CUMBERLAND TELEPHONE & TELEGRAPH CO.

(INCORPORATED)

Long distance lines and telephones of this Company enable you to talk almost anywhere in Southern Indiana, Southern Illinois, Kentucky, Tennessee, Mississippi and Louisiana. We can put you in quick and satisfactory communication with the people of this great section of the country. We solicit your patronage. Rates reasonable. Equipments and facilities unsurpassed.

JAMES E. CALDWELL, President & Gen'l Manager. LELAND HUME, Sec'y & Ass't Gen'l Mgr. T. D. WEBB, Treasurer

The Nail Skin.

Never cut the cuticle at the base of the nail unless it is very ragged; then pass the curved blade under for the purpose, that the outside may not be touched. This cuticle will ravel exactly like a piece of cloth of which the selvage has been cut. If a fairly stiff brush is used on the hands there will be no need for scraping under the nails with a cleaner of any sort. When this is once begun the skin gets rough and dirt accumulates.

The Incubator on The Farm.

It is hard to get hens to sit in winter and almost necessary for the farmer to use incubators to raise broilers in time to bring the best prices, says American Cultivator. The incubator on the farm is being brought to more profitable use every year. There is no doubt that the incubator and brooder method of raising chickens is a wonderful improvement on the hen method. It is cheaper, and a greater number of fowls can be raised from the same number of eggs. Hens can be made to lay nearly double as many eggs if they are not required to sit, and it is a good plan to use incubators instead of taking the hens from their work. The incubator is no longer an experiment. There are several first class machines on the market, and no mistake can be made in buying any one of half a dozen leading machines which are guaranteed to give satisfaction.

Nervous Worn-Out

If you are in this condition, your nerve force is weak—the power is giving out, the organs of your body have "slowed up," and do their work imperfectly. This failure to do the work required, clogs the system and brings distress and disease. When the nerves are weak the heart is unable to force the life-giving blood through your veins; the stomach fails to digest food; the kidneys lack power to filter impurities from the blood, and the poisonous waste remains in the system to breed disease. Nerve energy must be restored. Dr. Miles' Nervine will do it, because it strengthens the nerves; it is a nerve medicine and tonic, that rebuilds the entire nervous system.

"Several years ago I was all broken down. I was nervous, worn-out, could not sleep, and was in constant pain. I doctored for months, and finally the doctor said he could do nothing for me. I began taking Dr. Miles' Nervine, and used altogether eight bottles, and I became strong and healthy, and now weigh 170 pounds."

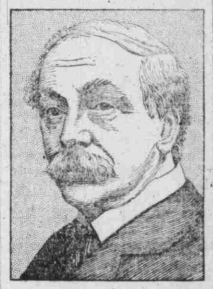
H. C. CUNNINGHAM,
108 Ellsworth Ave., Allegheny, Pa.

Dr. Miles' Nervine is sold by your druggist, who will guarantee that the first bottle will benefit. If it fails, he will refund your money.

Miles Medical Co., Elkhart, Ind

Sir Caspar Purdon Clarke.

The new director of the Metropolitan museum in New York, Sir Caspar Purdon Clarke, is fifty-eight years of age and for many years was connected with the South Kensington museum in London. He was art director of this



museum for ten years previous to assuming his present post and collected treasures for it from the orient and other portions of the world. Though he bears a title, the director of the Metropolitan is essentially a self made man and is democratic and approachable.

How to Care For Wet Clothes.

Clothes which have been wet in the rain should be carefully dried before being hung away, says the New York Journal, or they will mildew. They should be lightly wiped with a dry cloth or shaken and then spread out to dry. Should there be creases when dry they should be pressed under muslin. Another thing to remember in rainy weather is that nothing takes the freshness and beauty out of garments like rain. It is advisable to have older garments for rainy days. Even the dampness of the atmosphere will render clothes limp and shabby, though the rain may not fall directly upon them.

Sensational Elopment.

Anderson News: Much excitement was created in Tyrone, last Thursday by the announcement that Mr. Ernest Wiley, a well-known tobacco grower of Woodford county, had eloped with his wife's sixteen-year-old sister, Miss Fannie Galloway, one of the prettiest young girls of that little city. Some years ago Wiley was married to Miss Nellie Galloway, and the younger sister was a frequent visitor at his house. As the young girl developed into womanhood, he became smitten with her charms, but so far as outward indications go, his married life was one of happiness and contentment. On Thursday, Wiley started for the posroffice in Tyrone, and passing the Galloway home, asked Miss Fannie to go with him, which she did, notwithstanding the objections of her mother. Returning while the mother was in the rear of the house, they got her trunk out of the house and started for a buggy which was waiting at a convenient point. The mother started in pursuit of the fleeing couple and they were compelled to drop the trunk. While the mother stopped to gather up the the scattered articles, Wiley and Fannie succeeded in getting to the vehicle, and, drove hastily toward Versailles. However, they turned off before that city was reached, and, it seems, have completely disappeared, as no trace of their movements can be found. The elopement comes as a distinct shock to the entire community, and the deserted wife has the sympathy of all who know her.

Farms and Business Property

FOR SALE

W. T. Ewing Real Estate Agency, Harrodsburg, Ky.

150 acres Anderson county Ky., near Sania, improved and good $3500. 150 acres Grant county Ky., excellent farm and bargain at $22. 168 acres Mercer county handsomely improved; in grass ten years, at $55. 154 acres Mercer county on river, a good farm at $52.50. 240 acres, 2 miles railroad station, Mercer county, Ky., good improvements at $40, (exchange.) 150 acres well improved three miles from Burgin, $6900. 57 acres, near Burgin, good farm $3750. 120 acres six miles from Harrodsburg, on Lexington pike, at $75 (exchange.) 56 acres, 3 miles Harrodsburg, on pike, in grass, 2 houses, $2380. 184 acres six miles from Harrodsburg, good grass farm at $30 (exchanged as part pay for larger farm) 18 acres poultry farm, near Burgin, $1600.

Business Property.

Livery Stable at Harrodsburg and residence adjoining $4700, rents for $37 a month, or stable for $3200. (Stable rented to January 1 1907 at $25 a month.) Store and dwelling in one block Railroad town Mercer county, no other; fine trade, $2600.

Also farms and other property of all kinds. I have buyers for Washington county farms; list yours with me now and I will sell it.

SPRINGFIELD SUN

Wednesday, February 7, 1906.

ISSUED EVERY WEDNESDAY.

SUBSCRIPTION, - - ONE DOLLAR.
(In Advance.)
J. ROGERS GORE, Editor and Publisher.

Entered at the postoffice at Springfield, Ky., for transmission through the mails as second-class matter.

TELEPHONE NUMBER 112.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

One Year	$1.00
Six Months	50
Three Months	25

☞ In writing to have your address changed always give the postoffice to which your paper is going as well as the postoffice to which you wish it sent.

SHEEP-KILLING DOGS AND POODLES.

A bill has been passed through both Houses of the Legislature putting a tax of $1 on each dog a fellow owns. The Governor will sign the bill, and it will become a law. A wholesale slaughter of dogs will then take place throughout the State, and many a Good Old Dog Tray will go up the spout. But it won't be the poodle purps—it won't be these little stunted, runty, wooly canines that lounge around in the laps of domestically untutored girls while their mammas are out at the woodpile a-picking up chips with which to fry the bacon—it won't be these; the poodles will find a Moses to lead them. Bet your buttons daddy'll walk up and pay that one dollar—and will go without "them" two new suits of summer underwear. Ah, no! 'twon't be the poodles! But it will be those sleek, black and brown curs, those pretty shepherds and noisy rat terriers, the daily companions of the little boys out in the country, that will be led to the slaughter; it will be the faithful old dog that has stood guard over the premises for a long, long time—it will be the devoted old Spot who chased the tramp away while the men folk were down in the field plowing. Thus the dog-killing matter is sized up just about as it will happen.

We believe—honestly believe—that it would be a capital idea to shoot the daylights out of every poodle in the country. Of course, poodles don't kill sheep, but they keep "Sweet Marie" from the dust rag and the dish towel. We might, too, say that poodles, to a certain extent interfere with the "sheep industry." Here is the proof. Mother always refers to "Sweet Marie" as her "lamb." Of course, lambs are young sheep—young mutton. This being true, we take the position that poodles are a great draw back to the "lamb industry" and ought to be classed as "sheep-killing" dogs.

But, to put aside jesting, we are quite sure that some sort of a dog law is necessary. The raids being made on flocks of sheep are appalling, and certainly a "preventive" is needed. Wool is a mighty essential "artickle;" indeed, it is absolutely necessary, because the gals must have stockings, the boys must have socks and the women folk must have their mittens. Perhaps there are some who relish sheep meat—plain mutton—but, so far as we are concerned, we'd just about as soon have a mess of dog.

All worthless dogs ought to be hastily dispatched; they are dangerous nuisances, but when the time comes for Faithful Old Towser, or Old Tig, or Old Shep to be led to the slaughter pen, when the death-blow is dealt—when only a dog "is dead," you may honestly say that one ot your truest, noblest and most generous friends points his toes to the daisies.

LABOR QUESTION

About the only solution to the farm-labor problem is a Swiss Colony. That's the way Shelby county solved the matter; other counties will ultimately — and pretty soon at that—be constrained to follow in Shelby's footsteps. Farmers in Washington county have already commenced their annual search for spring-time laborers; they are having the usual hard time in finding willing hands. All reliable negro men and white farm hands have employment, and those who are "out of a job" don't want to meet with the misfortune of getting into one. A Swiss colony is what is needed. Establish one, and then give orders to every habitual loafer to leave the community; if he refuses lash him with a blacksnake whip till he jumps like a kangaroo.

Joe Connor's Sale.

At the sale of personal property of Mr. Joe Connor, which took place at Fredericktown, realized the following prices: Yearling steer, $19,50; two yearling heifers, $36.00; two cows, $22 and $23.50; two yearling horse mules, $158.75; two-year-old mare mule, $170; nine-year-old farm mare, $172; two-year-old mare, $170; pair horse mules, seven and eight years old, $300; five-year-old horse, $127.25. Corn sold at 4 to 44 cents.

mixed hay, 44 to 50 cents per hundred. A large crowd was present and bidding was lively. It is said Mr. Connor will locate near Richmond, Va., where he will engage in farming.

The Sun Moving.

To-morrow—if zero weather dosen't prevent us—we will move The Sun office from the Opera House building, to a building recently occupied by the Electric Light Company, just above the County Clerk's office across from the court house. The building has recently been re-modled, an addition having also been built in the rear, and when we become "settled" in our new quarters—which, we think, will be within the next day or two—we beleive that we will have one of the nicest arranged country offices in the State. Come to see us.

SPARROW.

The recent sale of Rome Eddington was well attended, and everything sold for good prices.

William Coulter sold to Milton Shields a sow and seven pigs for $25.

W. R. Moore bought of John Trent a sow and eight pigs for $21.

G. H. Dadisman bought at the sale of Rome Eddington a four-year-old mare for $109.

W. M. Crossfield sold to Thomas Grundy three yearling steers for $159, also eight hogs at $5 per head.

Mrs. Robert Morgan and little daughter, Blanche, of Lawrenceburg, spent a few days last week with her mother at this place.

J. C. Stewart and J. N. Adkins were in Louisville last Thursday seeing after their tobacco.

Dr. W. T. Barnett, of Mackville, was called here to see Mrs. James Busgin last Sunday, who is very ill at present.

Will Royalty and Will Sparrow were in our midst one day last week buying hogs.

J. H. Dadisman has moved to the farm he recently purchased of James Sparrow.

Mrs. S. E. Vowles, who has been confined to her bed for over four months from the effects of a fall, is not doing so well.

Mrs. W. R. Moore still continues on the sick list.

Mrs. Lucy Leathers, who has been confined to her bed with pneumonia, we are glad to report, is much better.

We have had a beautiful winter so far, but according to the old addage we are to have six weeks more winter, for the groundhog certainly did see his shadow.

Miss Jappy Barnett and Mr. Sam. Yeager attended the party given by Mrs. M. T. Shields, of near Black, on last Thursday night.

Mrs. Mary E. Matthis entertained last Wednesday night, by giving a dance to her young friends. A large crowd was present, and an enjoyable evening was spent.

Notice.

All persons having claims against the estate of J. F. Gribbins, deceased, are hereby requested to present same properly proven to the undersigned on or before May 1, 1906.

W. C. McCHORD,
T. S. MAYES,
Springfield, Ky.

Mr. S. M. Campbell reports the following court day sales at Harrodsburg last Monday:

One pair of work horses $140; one yearling colt $13; one harness horse $35; one saddle horse $103; one three-year-old colt $90; horse and buggy $35; one new steel tire btggy $35; one new rubber tire buggy $60.

For Sale.

Nice piece of property—well located. $5500 worth of improvements and 50 acres of land thrown in. All for $5,500. For further particulars call on McElroy & Wharton at once. upll

A Mystery Solved.

"How to keep off periodic attacks of biliousness and habitual constipation was a mystery that Dr. King's New Life Pille solved for me," writes John N. Pleasant, of Magnoha, Ind. The only pills that are guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction to everybody or money refunded. Only 25c at C. J. Haydon's drug store.

Alderman Mfller, of Paducah, while trying to locate some property stolen from him, was robbed of his purse, watch and chain.

A Big Corset Bargain

AT THE BIG STORE

100
DOLLAR CORSETS

To close out at the Rediculous Low Price of

68c

This lot comprises some very good styles, all of the popular "W. B." and "FLEXIBONE" makes. They certainly will not remain with us very long at this price so we advise you to come early and get choice.

WE HAVE NOW ON SALE

Our New Spring White Goods, Linens, Embroideries, Laces, Long Cloths, Bleached Cottons, Cambrics, Sheetings, Etc. We invite you to call and see them.

Just received new stock of Lace Curtains, ranging from
50c to $8.00 Pair.

ROBERTSON BROS.

WILLISBURG.

Our farmers here are making large preparations for farming. Some are beginning to break their land.

Capt. Bright and his crew of hands will move to Springfield this week. We are sorry Mr. Bright is going to leave us; he has a host of friends here.

M. A. and J. W. Shirley sold to Geo. G. Colvin 25 acres of land for $650.

W. S. Gibbs was in Shelby and Anderson county last week buying stock.

Oscar Shirley spent last Sunday with his cousin, J. W. Shirley.

Ed Birch and family spent Sunday with W. S. Gibbs.

Mrs. Fanny Birch and Miss Bell Birch spent Wednesday of last week with Mrs. Richard Young.

Roy Walls was in our midst last Sunday afternoon.

Elbridge Pinkston and Howard Tatham, of Litsey, spent Sunday at the home of J. W. Shirley.

Robert Sutherland, of Chaplin, spent Sunday with his uncle, J. T. Sutherland, of this place.

Miss Mayme B. Merritt, a charming young lady of our town, visited at Hillsboro one day last week.

Misses Flossie and Pearl Armstrong visited at the home of A. E. Pinkston last Sunday.

We are glad to report Leslie Keeling much improved after an illness of pneumonia.

Ed Crouch and wife visited the latter's parents Sunday.

Sam Goodlett and wife visited W. B. Shirley and wife Sunday.

Mrs. Bob Charlie and granddaugter, Miss Moore, visited here one day last week.

John Horn, of Harrodsburg, visited relatives here one day last week.

George G. Colvin who has been visiting relatives here has returned back to Dekalb, Ill.

Miss Lula Trent spent a few days here last week.

Will Sims and family spent last Sunday with W. L. Jenkins.

Mrs. Len Riley, of Mackville, visited her daughter, Mrs. Lafe Harlow last Sunday.

Mrs. Harrison Steel, who died at her home near Mackville last Thursday, was burried here last Friday. Mrs. Steel had a host of friends in this vicinity who regretted to hear of her death.

FROM ANOTHER CORRESPONDENT.

Chas. Blanton, of Boston, is the guest of W. S. Gibbs.

Jack Sharp sold a fine horse to W. S. Gibbs last week for $100.

Dr. S. M. Crume and Oscar Shewmaker, of Louisville, were summoned to our town last Saturday on account of the death of W. L. Wells.

Mr. Robert Sutherland and sister, Miss Eva, of Chaplin, spent Sunday at Mr. J. T. Sutherland's.

Miss Rice Armstrong has returned home after an extended visit to McAfee.

We are glad to report no one seriously ill this week.

Mrs. Sue Shewmaker, of Moreland, has returned home after a visit with relatives at this place.

A. L. Jackson was called to Springfield on business this week.

Mr. Will Gray and sister, of Polin, spent Sunday at this place.

The End of The World

of troubles that robbed E. H. Wolfe, of Bear Grove, Ia., of all usefulness, came when he began taking Electric Bitters. He writes: "Two years ago Kidney trouble caused me great suffering, which I would never have survived had I not taken Electric Bitters. They also cured me of General Debility." Sure cure for all Stomach, Liver and Kidney complaints, Blood diseases, Headache, Dizziness and Weakness or bodily decline. Price 50c. Guaranteed by C. J. Haydon's drug store.

Garrett Gray, Trigg county farmer, became insane, it is said, because of a bad land deal he made.

MT. ZION.

Mrs. J. N. Hays and Mrs. J. B. Williams spent last Friday with Mrs. Katie Williams.

Miss Nellie Hunter, of Bloomfield, visited the Misses Sutherland last week.

Mrs. Sue Bonta and daughter, Miss Blanche, spent Thursday with Mr. S. A. Bayne and family.

Mr. William Crume was in Louisville last week.

Miss Eleanor Hays, of Bloomfield, spent the latter part of last week at the home of Mr. J. B. Hays.

Mrs. Irene Williams visited friends in Bloomfield last week.

Mr. Herbert Crume and sister, Mrs. Mary Hunter, of Frankfort, spent last Tuesday at the home of H. B. Bonta.

Mr. James Hays threw open the doors of his beautiful home last Friday night to quite a number of his friends and entertained in a most hospitable manner. Refreshments were served and a good band furnished music. Every one report a delightful time and pronounce "Jim" a capital host.

Farmers and business men of Shelby county will meet in Shelbyville February 12 as an agricultural society to discuss conditions of country roads with a view to bettering them.

Subscribe for The Sun. $1.00 year.

A Cold On The Chest

Is Always Uncomfortable and Often Dangerous

This is the season for colds, and you will be wise to provide yourself with a bottle "MENTHOLATED" Cough Syrup. Neglect of a cold in its early stages is worse than carelessness. A well-known lung specialist called it

Constructive Suicide

We guarantee that this cough medicine will quickly cure a fresh cold, and will relieve even the most obstinate cough of long standing. The price is only 25 cents per bottle. Lots of other kinds and other medicines here.

C. J. HAYDON
CORNER DRUG STORE

HAYDON & BURTON
UNDERTAKERS
SPRINGFIELD KENTUCKY.
TELEPHONE NO. 53.

Our very best attention will be given and every courtesy shown.

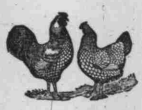
Grundy & McIntire

MAKE SPECIAL PRICES TO

Cash Customers!

Come to us with your cash; we will save you money.

TO THE TRADE!



I have bought this space—one-half page—to be used each week during the year 1906 to advertise my Coal and Poultry business. It will be money to you to watch my advertisements each week. It will be money to me to have you watch them, because the inducements I am going to offer will increase my already large business. In the past you have given me your trade, for which I am profoundly thankful; I believe by doing this you have been benefited as well as I. I want to buy all of your Produce, Hides, Etc. I want to sell you your Coal. To get this trade I promise fair treatment. My methods will always be honorable. Come to see me.

My Hobby:
"GOOD COAL."

M. H. JONES.

Local News Notes.

Read the advertisement of the Clarkson sale in this issue. Sale will be held Thursday, February 15.

Watch our ads; it will pay you.
Johnson & McCabe.

The matrimonial bans were publised for the first time at the Catholic church here, last Sunday, between William H. Johnson and Miss Minnie Osborn.

FOR RENT.—Nice office room over McElroy Bros. grocery.

FOR RENT.—Flat above my store; water and all conveniences. Formerly owned and occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Mansfield. MRS. WILLIAMS.

Our line of canned goods is complete. Johnson & McCabe.

WANTED LUMBER.—I want to buy a lot of oak or poplar lumber, suitable for building a stock barn. Call on or address, Luther Burns, Springfield, Ky.

1500 pieces just arrived for our 5 and 10 cent counters. Hagan Bros.

Circuit court convenes at Bardstown next Monday. The dockets are not large, but there are a number of important cases to be tried.

Bulk oatmeal, hominy, hominy flakes, grits, etc. Johnson & McCabe.

Mr. C. L. Price has purchased the interest of his brother, Joseph Price, in the farm owned by their father, the late W. C. Price, Esq., near Bardstown. The place contains 140 acres.

Special prices on china and glassware at Hagan Bros.

Dr. RoBards has sold the Polin property, recently purchased of the Polin heirs, to Mr. Charlie McIntire. Dr. RoBards reserved a lot to build upon.

Valantines at J. A. Shader's.

Mr. Robert Parrott recently bought the dwelling house and lot of Mr. W. P. Lawrence, near the college. Mr. Lawrence will erect two houses on Lebanon Hill.

WE SELL

The Vulcan Chilled Plow

Clover
Timothy
Orchard Grass
Blue Grass
Red Top
Exported

Seed

We can make you a very attractive price on Woven Wire Fencing.

Gearing of all Kinds.

HAYDON & BARBER.

Dr. J. H. Lampton has moved his office from the Opera House building to rooms over Haydon's drug store. As announced he and Dr. Mudd have formed a partnership.

If you want the best buy "GILT EDGE" canned goods. Hagan Bros.

LOST.—A small cow, cream colored with a small white spot in her forehead, disappeared last Monday night. Any imformation as to where she is will be appreciated.
WALTER FOLEY.

Wanted—dressed chickens, highest market price. Johnson & McCabe.

Mr. and Mrs. Zack Leachman have moved into rooms of the EcElroy flat, which is being occupied by Drs. RoBards & Hyatt as an office. They will have charge of Dr. RoBards & Hyatt's office.

Ajax enameled ware, double coated, 25c, 30c, 35c, and 39c for sale at J. A. Shader's.

MRS. Nancy Ferrell, through her attorney W. F. Grisgby, has filed a suit in the Circuit court here against her husband, Charles Ferrell, asking for an absolute divorce. The parties reside at Mackville, where they are well known.

Try our Milk Bread. Johnson & McCabe.

U. S. Government statistics give the following figures about Kentucky's corn crop last year: Acreage, 3,195,072; yield per acre, 29.7 bushels; total production, 94,893,638 bushels; price 43 cents, or a total value of $40,804,264.

Our "SPECIAL BLEND" is an extra fine coffee. Hagan Bros.

FREAK CORN.—Mr. W. T. Payne brought to The Sun office last Saturday some queer specimens of corn. There were two ears enclosed in one shuck and another was after the style of Simese twins. Both freaks were found in the same shock.

"The best on earth—or anywhere else"—Blanke's Coffees. Johnson & McCabe.

The little child of Mr. Taylor Masters, of near town, which has been at the point of death for the past several days as a result of diptheria, is now much improved. Drs. RoBards & Hyatt inserted a tube in the child's throat last Thursday and it has since been improving.

A movement is now on foot among the medical men of the State to have the General Assembly select the late Dr. Ephraim McDowell, of Danville, originator of ovariotomy, for one of the niches reserved for Kentucky statues in the National Hall of Fame.

Pay us a visit, it will pay you. Hagan Bros.

Prof. George Colvin bought of Mr. John L. Searcy his dwelling on East Main Street for $3,200. The sale was made on last Thursday through the Real Estate Agency of McElroy & Wharton. The property is a very desirable home, and the price is considered low.

Kale celery, new onions, radishes, lettuce, endive mustard, kohlrabi beets, cauliflower at Johnson & McCabe.

NOTICE.—Robertson & Searcy, having dissolved partnership, have placed their accounts in my hands for collection with instruction to sue on the same if not paid immediately. All persons indebted to said firm please settle at once with Marshall Duncan or myself.
T. SCOTT NAYES,
Springfield, Ky.

Don't forget we have fresh vegetables always on hand. Johnson & McCabe.

Hon. W. D. Claybrooke, Washington county's popular Representative, was appointed by Speaker Lawrence as one of two Representatives to attend an Insurance Conferance at Chicago, and he, together with Gov. Beckham, attended. This is quite an extensive compliment, as it was important to have the State represented at this meeting by a man of influence. Mr. Claybrooke is recognized as one of the safest men in the Legislature.

LOCATED.—Mr. S. B. Thomson has rented the Veranda hotel at Lebanon and will take charge about the first of March. Mr. and Mrs. Thompson's many Washington county friends regret that they will leave Springfield, but are glad that they will locate so close to home. The Marion Falcon says: "Mr. Thompson expects to remove his family here about March the first and open a hotel in that building. He and his wife successfully conducted the Walton Hotel at Springfield for several years and have the reputation that will insure them a large patronage in this city. They are excellent people and will be extended a hearty welcome by the good people of Lebanon.

Personal Notes.

Visitors In and Out of Town.—A Round Up of the Week's Personal News.

—Dr. John Shaunty was here Monday.

—Miss Elease Durrett, who is attending school at St. Catharines, spent Sunday with Mrs. Mell Hyatt.

—Mrs. John W. Kelly and son, John, were in Louisville Wednesday.

—Miss Althair Medley was in Louisville one day last week.

—Mr. Lytle Kays will soon leave for Hot Springs, his physican having advised that he take treatment there for rehumatism and stomach trouble.

—Mr. Jim McClure has returned from a business trip to Nelson county.

—Miss Fannie Smith has returned from Howardstown, where she has been visiting her aunt.

—Miss Pearl Edelen has accepted a position with Cunningham & Duncan.

—Mr. and Mrs. S. E. Clements and children are visiting relatives in Lebanon.

—Mr. W. A. Waters has been confined to the house for several days with a severe cold.

—Mr. Tom Edelen has returned to Louisville after a visit home.

—Miss Margret Russell has accepted a position as bookkeeper for the Springfield Lumber Company.

—Mrs. Charlie Brady, who has been visiting in Louisville for several days, has returned home.

—Mrs. Mattie Sansbury is visiting her son in Louisville this week.

—Misses Edna and Armie Edelen were visiting Miss Margaret Sansbury last week.

—Mrs. H. D. Rodman, of Louisville, is the guest of Mrs. I. H. Thurman.

—Rev. Williams is in Louisville attending a Pastors' Institute.

—Miss Rosie Mackin, of Lebanon, is visiting Miss Margret Hagan.

—Mr. and Mrs. John Mayhon, of Lebanon, attended the funeral of the little baby of Mr. and Mrs. Rutlage Wharton.

—Mr. Lurpin, of Americus, Ga., was here last Thursday buying horses and mules.

—Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Curry returned home from Louisville Wednesday night. Have been the guest of Mr. George Thompson.

—Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Thompson and Miss Thompson are the guest of Mr. George Thompson.

—Miss Mattie Roney has returned to her home after a visit to Miss Sarah Simms.

—Misses Della and Myrtle Croake, of Croakeville, visited at the home of their brother, Mr. Byron Croake.

—Mr. Frank Lewis, of Addison, Ky., was here this week.

—Mr. W. L. Smith, of Louisville, was here this week on business.

—Dr. J. H. Lampton was in Louisville Monday on business.

—Mrs. Mary E. Noe and little Miss Elizabeth Taylor, of Louisville, are visiting at the home of Mr. Hugh Noe.

—Mr. Bush Vanarsdall, of Lexington, is visiting at the home of Hugh Noe.

—Mr. E. A. Cox was in Louisville Monday and Tuesday attending a meeting of a School of Photography.

—Mr. F. R. Hodapp, of Louisville, was here this week on business.

—Mrs. John W. Lewis has returned from a visit to her daughter in Louisville.

—Miss Sarah Simms left this week for Nashville, Tenn., where she will visit friends for several weeks.

—Mr. J. L. Barber and little daughter, Mary, spent yesterday in Bardstown with relatives.

—Mr. Luther A. Burns has returned from a business trip to Louisville.

—Mrs. Lafe Wells visited in Louisville Sunday and Monday.

—Mr. Will Cambron spent Monday in Louisville visiting his mother and sister.

—Mrs. John K. Smith and niece, little Miss Hallie K. Frye, are guests at the home of Mr. M. H. Jones.

—Mr. John Whalen, of Owensboro, who formerly resided at this place, is here visiting his uncle, Mr. Jas. Tobin.

NOTICE.

On Monday, Feb. 26, County Court day, contracts for working the pikes in Washington county, will be let. A detailed statement will be printed in the next issue of The Sun.

A Noted Outlaw

Encinio Martinez, Who Is Much Wanted In Texas.

The Rangers Hold Him Responsible For Many Murders, but He Always Escapes Their Vigilance.

Detachments of Texas rangers and other border peace officers are still searching for Encinio Martinez, the outlaw wanted for murders committed in Texas and Mexico. It is said that he has murdered fifteen men since he started on his wild career of crime. He has furnished sport for the liveliest man hunt that has taken place on the

HE RECEIVED THREE MORE WOUNDS, AND AT LAST HIS HORSE WAS KILLED.

Rio Grande border for several years. He is acquainted with every hiding place along the river for a distance of 400 miles up or down that stream. He is a quick and accurate shot and can outride almost any man in the region. He is, all in all, the most dangerous outlaw that the rangers have attempted to capture for a long time, says an exchange. Time and time again he has slipped through the fingers of the officers just as they were about to lay their hands upon him. He has had many close calls, and some of his most daring escapes were made by means of running fights with pistol and rifle. He has many acquaintances among the Mexicans living along the border. The rangers are convinced that these people shelter and shield him through fear of his vengeance if they refuse his demands.

Martinez is constantly between two fires. The Mexican authorities on the other bank of the Rio Grande are just as anxious to get hold of him as are the Texans. Martinez is driven from one side of the river to the other, but it seems impossible to get him in a corner from which he cannot escape. He has been wounded times innumerable, but the injuries seemed to have interfered little with his life of activity.

"Encinio Martinez was born on the Texas border," says a man who has long known him intimately. "Ever since he has been large enough to shoot a gun he has been a terror to the west. Before the age of twenty years he had killed four men, and ever since that time he has had the officers after him. Many and narrow are the escapes the outlaw has made, and many are the bloody murders he has committed, particularly while leader of the Sonora bandits. One afternoon while riding in the vicinity of the coal mines he met a stranger and asked him for a drink of water. The stranger replied that he had but a little, but that Martinez was welcome to that. The bandit drank the water, then, drawing his pistol, shot the man down as he would a dog, exclaiming, 'You'll have more water next time!'

"The most miraculous escape and the most desperate fight Martinez is ever known to have had occurred on one of the plains in the Panhandle. At this time four rangers sighted Martinez riding along an opening where there was not even a bush for a mile. They rode upon him, and the fight opened. Martinez would face them until he emptied a volley from his Winchester, and then he would run his horse until he reloaded his weapon. Then he would face and shoot again. While he was firing his first volley a bullet pierced his side, which almost brought him to the ground, but he only smiled, and as the blood gushed forth he continued the fight. He received three more wounds, and at last his horse was killed from under him. Then the rangers thought they had him, but he was near the bush, and when he and the rangers had emptied their guns he ran into a thicket and escaped."

Not Expected.

Dyer—Has he an interest in the business?

Ryer—No; only a mild curiosity.—Smart Set.

Who Was a Yeoman?

The following quotation from Bishop Latimer's "First Sermon Preached Before King Edward VI." March 8, 1549, is a good illustration of the meaning of the word yeoman and shows the primitive manners and customs of those times:

"My father was a yeoman and had no lands of his own, only he had a farm of £3 or £4 by year at the uttermost, and hereupon he tilled so much as kept half a dozen men. He had walk for 100 sheep, and my mother milked thirty kine. He was able and did find the king a harness, with himself and his horse, while he came to the place that he should receive the king's wages. I can remember that I buckled his harness when we went unto Blackheath field. He kept me to school or else I had not been able to have preached before the king's majesty now. He married my sisters with £5, or 20 nobles apiece, so that he brought them up in godliness and fear of God. He kept hospitality for his poor neighbors, and some alms he gave to the poor. And all this he did of the said farm, where he that now hath it payeth £16 by year or more and is not able to do anything for his prince, for himself nor for his children, or give a cup of drink to the poor."—Notes and Queries.

Nature Study.

The first necessity in nature study is to become acquainted with some locality, say with a farm. It does not matter how small, how commonplace, how near the city—the nearer the better, provided there are trees, water, fences and some seclusion. If your own cabin can be in the middle of such a spot, that is ideal, for there is no make believe when you buy a field or a piece of woods and settle down there to stay. Nature respects you. You have taken her into your confidence. She will take you into hers, and in the course of a few seasons, if you will limit the size of your garden, you will begin to discover what a multitude of interesting things come with the place that were not mentioned in the deed. Owning a farm, of course, is not necessary. Sometimes I am quite convinced that for pure and lasting joy in nature one should not possess an acre. Once you have looked upon land of your own, once you have trodden upon earth that belongs to you, all your Sundays will be spent looking and walking there. The man in the Scriptures who bought a field and lost his interest in other pleasant things had a real case.—National Magazine.

The Handwriting on The Wall.

At a general election in England a candidate personally unknown to the voters of a certain borough was asked by party leaders to stand for it. He belonged to a good family and was a barrister of promise in London. His path to success was open, as the borough belonged to his party. But when he mounted the platform to address the electors after a sentence or two he suddenly became pale and confused, his eye fixed on a board opposite on which was scrawled with charcoal, "Forty pounds!" He stumbled through a short speech and then hurriedly left the stand.

A few days later he rose to speak in another town, and again the mysterious words written in black on the wall confronted him. Again he left the platform and that night retired from the contest for the seat in parliament. Not long afterward he disappeared from public life and retired to an English colony, where he hid himself on a ranch. The words, it was found, referred to a theft committed in his youth, which he supposed had been forgotten.

The Hatching Machine.

Study your incubator.

Acquaint yourself with all its parts.

Read the manufacturer's directions for setting it up.

Set it up carefully and according to instructions.

Never try to run an incubator in a drafty place nor near a stove nor where the sun shines upon it.

Set fertile eggs only. Waste no effort upon those that are doubtful.

Learn how to trim and clean a lamp.

Keep the lamps full and the wick and tube clean.

Avoid smoke.

See that the eggs are clean and dry before setting them.

Balance all eggs, large end up, a few hours before placing them in the tray.

Do not overfill the tray.

Turn every egg the third day.

Cool the eggs every morning.

Be sure your hands are clean when handling eggs.

Test all eggs by the seventh day.

Test again by the eleventh day.

Test again by the fifteenth day.

If the air space is too large, supply moisture; if too small, put a saucer of dry lime in the room and run without moisture a day or two.

Do not expect to learn all about the air cell the first batch. You will learn that later.

Do not disturb the eggs after the evening of the eighteenth day.

Have a regular hour for incubator work.

Do not tinker too much with the regulator before placing the eggs in the egg chamber.—United States Bulletin.

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NEW SHORT STORIES

Art In the Capitol.

They were talking of Speaker Cannon's new picture, and it moved Delegate Mark Smith of Arizona to discuss the picture of Speaker Reed which adorns the capitol. Reed never could see any likeness and always regarded the picture with hostility.

"It was in the height of the Democratic storm of denunciation that beat upon Reed," said Mr. Smith, "that a Republican tourist hit the capitol and

"WHO IS THAT MEANT FOR?"

studied that picture with a red and dissatisfied eye. Finally, turning to a passerby, he asked:

"'Who is that meant for?'

"'Speaker Reed,' was the reply.

"'Well,' said the visitor, resuming his promenade, 'I'll bet it was painted by some blank blank Democrat.'"

This reminded Colonel Charles A. Edwards of Texas of Private John Allen's comment on the same picture.

"Just after it was hung up there," said Colonel Edwards, "a lot of congressmen were looking at it and criticising it when John Allen came along. Some one turned and called out, 'Say, John, what is your opinion of this?'

"Allen studied it long and critically. 'It looks to me,' he finally declared, 'like a case of assault and battery.'"—New York Times.

Philippine Problem Solved.

Champ Clark has found a solution for the Philippine troubles. He found it while George Bronson Rea was testifying before the house committee on ways and means, of which the Missourian is a member. The Cattobatto valley sugar scheme was mentioned, whereupon a sarcastic smile overspread the face of Rea.

"Ah, there's my old friend, the Cattobatto valley scheme," said Rea. It would be all right except for the fact that the big Moro who dwells in that happy valley with his big knife slices up every Filipino who goes there."

"Do you mean that the Moro kills every Christian brown brother who dares come into that part of the world?" asked Clark, with incredulity in every word.

"That's the very thing that happens," said Rea, with a superior smile, for it was his object to show that sugar growing is not one of the industries that can be made to wax and grow fat in the archipelago for reasons other than climatic.

Leaning over to his neighbor, Clark said: "Well, there's the solution we've all been looking for. Send every Filipino to that valley."—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Interrupted Testimony.

The late Edward M. Paxson, former superior court justice of Pennsylvania, praised at a dinner in Philadelphia woman's industry.

"Sitting in a certain case," he said, "I heard an attorney say to a woman witness—a pale and slender woman witness:

"'Now, tell the court, please, what you did on the morning in question between the hours of 8 and 9 o'clock.'

"'Well,' that slender and pale lady began, 'I first dressed the three children and saw that their breakfast was properly served. Then I darned two pairs of stockings, mended a hole in my husband's pocket, made the five beds, bathed and dressed the baby, curled its hair and heated its biscuit and milk. After that I dusted the parlor and dining room, watered the plants and picked fresh flowers for the parlor vases. Then I ordered the day's meat from the butcher, the bread from the baker and the vegetables from the grocer. It was now time to—'

"Here," said Justice Paxson, "the good woman was interrupted. Who knows otherwise how long our case would have continued?"

Blowed Up.

The late Bishop Eastburn of Massachusetts was a man of very imposing appearance and when robed in his big sleeved canonicals gave the impression of sailing under full canvas. In the pulpit he had a habit of drawing himself up at intervals, with chest raised and head thrown back, which gave him a very pompous air.

A little boy of Newburyport not fully inured to long sermons and wearying under his heavy periods mildly suggested to his mother that he would like to "cut the rest of it," but she tried to beguile him with the assurance that the good man was just ready to stop when he eagerly replied, "Oh; no, mamma; he isn't, 'cause he's just blowed hisself up again."—Boston Herald.

Long, Long Ago.

"Do you think she is so very old?"

"Yes, awfully. I heard her speak of swinging on the gate when she was a little girl. It's a long time since fences."—Detroit Free Press.

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The Sun and the Louisville daily Herald one year	3 00
The Sun and the Louisville Evening Post one year	4 00

WASHINGTON COUNTY BUSINESS DIRECTORY

WHEN YOU WANT TO MAKE A PURCHASE, MAKE IT AT HOME; when you want to have a job of work done, have it done at home. If you go away from home to buy, or if you go away from home to have work done, nine times out of ten you hurt yourself worse than you do the home merchant or the home mechanic. At home the merchant knows you and will not misrepresent his goods to you, he has known you for years, he is your friend, he doesn't want to cheat you, he doesn't want your money for nothing. If you have ever bought anything from a mail-order house, doubtless you can remember of having received different treatment. Their propositions look nice in print, but don't "come up." Pay your money "out" at home and it may "come back" again, but send it to one of the big mail order houses and it will buy 3-cent cigars for some millionaire in a European home. The Sun begs to call the attention of its subscribers to the following businesses, conducted in Springfield and Washington county by honest and honorable men. When you want to make a purchase look over this list and select your store. You will be tickled when you compare your purchase with that of the man who bought from the big mail-order house. TRY YOUR HOME MERCHANT FIRST; THAT WILL BE TREATING HIM FAIR.

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Dealers In
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Dealer In
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Druggist and Pharmacist. Paints Oils, Varnish, Toilet Articles.

Ed. M. Russell,
Jeweler. Fine line Watches, Clocks, Silverware, Etc.

L. and N. Railroad Time Table.

Incoming Trains.	Sun'y only No. 91.	Daily, No. 43.	Daily No. 41.
Arrives at Springfield	8:25 p. m.	12:40 p. m.	7:05 p. m.
Arrives at Bardstown	7:35 "	11:00 a. m.	5:52 "
Arrives at Bardstown Junct'n	6:50 "	9:30 "	5:02 "
Leaves Louisville	6:00 "	7:30 "	4:10 "

Outgoing Trains.	Daily No. 42.	Sun'y only No. 90.	Daily No. 44
Leaves Springfield	5:25 a. m.	7:15 a. m.	1:20 p. m.
Leaves Bardstown	6:17 "	8:05 "	2:20 "
Leaves Bardstown Junct'n	7:03 "	8:45 "	4:10 p. m.
Arrives at Louisville	7:55 "	9:35 "	5:45 p. m.

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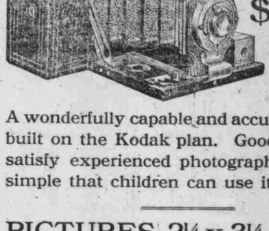

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The Adventurers.

By H. B. MARRIOTT WATSON.

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It was clear, however, that there would be no assault upon the castle that night. Jones and his troopers hung about the village, and the former was too zealous to allow any disorder under his nose. Sercombe would not dare to risk a second attack. That much was for our comfort. He had put it to me ingeniously that the interference of the police would embarrass him, and I was heartily glad to hear it, for we needed some further resources for our defense. That was plain enough. We had been able to resist the enemy on his first two attempts, but we had a most cunning and deadly foe, and I began to doubt if we could hold out against a renewal of hostilities unless, indeed, we broke our silent compact and called in the assistance of the law. We had decided to discard Williams from our society. He was too hazardous an ally, and we could not hope to circumvent the police a second time. As it was, I saw that some suspicions were breeding in the sergeant's mind. I suppose we took too lightly what was bruited about the country for a great "sensation." The storming of the castle even in the distorted narrative which Williams had delivered to his friends sounded remarkable in so dull and uneventful a place as that countryside. Pieces of rumor concerning it crept into the London papers subsequently, and we were most unwillingly become the figures in a tragic and heroic adventure.

We resolved despite the promised respite to pretermit no one of the precautions, and Montgomery mounted guard at 8 o'clock on the keep tower. As Sheppard and I sat over our wine we were interrupted by Mrs. Main, who had been greatly stirred by the visit of a justice. She came ostensibly with a question, but in reality to breathe the air of our central excitement.

"I am to give Williams his supper tonight, as last night, sir?" she asked.

I told her "No," and her wits wandered to the events of the day without more ado.

But presently she came back. "Then I'm not to prepare supper for Williams, sir?"

"Williams will not be sleeping here tonight," I replied. "He left at the usual hour—6 o'clock."

Her face wore a blank look, as of one struggling with perplexity, and, assuming that she had fears on her own account to combat, I went on, "You see, we shall be perfectly safe with the police looking after us."

"Oh, Lord, sir, 'tisn't that," she made answer, as though deprecating my reflection on her courage, "but Williams isn't gone, sir."

"But he is," said Sheppard. "I saw him myself two hours ago halfway to Llanellan."

Mrs. Main looked her incredulity. "If it wasn't his back I saw no more than two blessed minutes ago, I put it to you, whose was it, sir?"

I sat up, and we stared at each other. "Where was this?" I asked.

"I was leaving the kitchen for the pantry, sir, just preparatory with some dishes like, and, the blinds being down against the window that faces the courtyard, I see Williams' shadow—leastways what I took to be Williams'—pass across the blind, sir."

"It couldn't be Williams," said I after a pause. "Williams has never been in the castle since 2 o'clock, and, besides, the drawbridge is up."

"Did you see his face?" asked Sheppard.

"No, sir; it was on the blind like, but happening to have a question to put to him I just drops the dishes on the sideboard, and I run to the door, but when I'd got it open Williams was gone."

"It was not Williams," I repeated testily.

"What I took to be Williams, sir," corrected Mrs. Main, with gentle obstinacy.

"Did you hear any sound of footsteps?"

"No, sir, but then I was making a noise with the dishes like, and Williams walks very gentle."

"Oh, well," I murmured at length, "you must have been deceived, and if Williams was here he has gone since and at any rate he won't want his supper."

When the housekeeper had retired I found Sheppard watching me. "What do you make of it, Ned?"

"I make nothing" I answered. "It's practically impossible for any one to get into the castle. We have had the bridge up nearly all day, but—you know my old adage, that it's better to be sure than sorry—we may as well have a look around."

Taking a candle we made a tour of the castle rooms and investigated all the corridors, peering into the dark corners. It was an arduous business, for I hardly realized the number of passages and crannies to be explored. Presently we both came to a stop on a simultaneous thought.

"This is really no use," I said. "It's quite impossible to exhaust all the possibilities of this house. And I still adhere to my previous notion that Mrs. Main was hardly in a sufficiently pacific state to judge between shadows."

"I'm with you there," said Sheppard cheerfully.

"Very well, then; bed," said I, and to bed we went, admirably tired with our excitement and our labors.

I must have been asleep for some hours when I awoke from dead unconsciousness with the presence of some one in the room oppressing me. Almost as I sat up I heard Montgomery's voice.

"Are you awake, Greatorex? There's some one about the house."

I sat still, striving to dissipate the confusion of my brain. Somewhere, far off, I remembered that I had heard this before. But with a strenuous effort of the will I threw off the dwindling hands of sleep and got out of bed. "We'll go and see," said I. "What time is it?"

"I don't know," said Montgomery as I lit a candle with fumbling fingers. "But my watch is over. I think it's about 12 or 1."

"Now, young man," I said, having pulled on some clothes, "what about this alarm of yours?"

"It was a noise—it woke me up," explained Montgomery. "Sheppard relieved me at 11, and I turned in, feeling very sleepy. I thought I slept like a log, but something got on my nerves, I suppose. At any rate, it woke me up."

"My dear lad, what was it?" I asked impatiently.

"It came from the back of the bed," he answered. "It was a sound of feet."

"Something within the walls," I argued; "mice, beetles."

Montgomery shook his head. "Come and listen," he pleaded.

I followed him. Certainly he was the least imaginative young man in the world, and it puzzled me that he should have taken this whim. Perhaps it was not fancy! Suddenly Mrs. Main's statement, which I had doubted and ridiculed, returned to my mind in a flow of memory.

Montgomery's room stood upon the back of the castle and, like all the rooms which were in use, faced the park. It was a small, square chamber, lined, as had been practiced throughout the castle, with oak. Montgomery pointed to the pillow. "My head was there," he explained. "Listen!"

I lay down upon the bed and rested. "There's nothing to be heard," said I.

"Wait," said Montgomery eagerly.

A silence ensued. "Don't you hear anything?" he asked.

I shook my head. "My dear boy, it was fancy," I said and was raising my head from the pillow when suddenly a slight sound struck upon my ears, and I paused in the act and in the center of my speech. "I hear something now," I said. "But it's only the patter of rain."

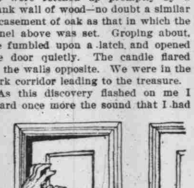
Montgomery set his ear to the wall. "That's not rain," he whispered. He was right; it was not rain; it was the noise of feet falling lightly upon stone. At once I took fire.

"What is behind this oak?" I asked. "There must be some passage here." I sounded with my knuckles on the board. "It's hollow."

A careful inspection with the candle revealed a seam in the oak, which might mark the site of hinges, and together we pushed firmly on the panel. It fell back slowly, being, as I found afterward, without lock or spring and merely held in its place by disuse and dirt. Within, the light shone upon a black hole and a dark flight of stairs leading downward.

"We must see the end of this," said Montgomery, and hopped into the darkness like a frog. I followed. Below there was now silence; the footsteps had died away. The narrow flight in the wall continued for some thirty steps and brought us, as I reckoned, to the foundations of the castle. Here we were fetched up promptly by a blank wall of wood—no doubt a similar encasement of oak as that in which the panel above was set. Groping about, we fumbled upon a latch and opened the door quietly. The candle flared on the walls opposite. We were in the dark corridor leading to the treasure.

As this discovery flashed on me I heard once more the sound that I had



The panel fell back slowly.

detected in Montgomery's room—the sound of delicate footfalls on the stone flags. Blowing out the candle and putting a detaining hand on Montgomery, I drew back into the niche of that secret place. The sounds drew nearer, dropping regularly on the air and echoing faintly in the long tunnel. And then a figure, wrapped in darkness, but palpable to every sense save that of the sight, emerged, passed and faded before us. The footsteps pattered away into the distance.

I waited a few moments, and then, stooping, shook off my boots, bidding my companion do the same. That done, we stepped out into the corridor and plunged into the blackness of the night.

The blood in my body ran like a mill race, but left my brain clear and bright in eddies. I was not blind to the probabilities of this adventure, which had now stepped out of the supernatural and become merely human and prosaic.

Here was one of our determined foes perambulating within the precincts of our hold, and even admitted to that privy place near which the hoard of treasure lay. Slowly and with great caution we followed. Our naked feet made no sound, but it was difficult to grope one's way in the darkness. Our direction lay round the castle walls and toward the drum towers, and it was upon the flight of stairs mounting to the guardroom in the northern tower that we came presently. The door at the top of this staircase stood ajar, and, proceeding with still greater care, we climbed up and looked through the chinks.

A lantern, newly lit and shedding a dull glow through the opaque glasses, was set upon the floor and cast the long, black shadow of a man against the wall. He was standing near the short, deep embrasure that yawned in the massive stone walls of the drum tower, scrutinizing the valley below. What could he be there for? As I wondered, turning over the circumstances in my excited mind, he stooped, and, picking up the lantern, thrust it into the window, waving it from side to side. I suppose this was in response to some signal from the valley, but I paid little heed to it at the time, being suddenly interested in a recognition. It was Hood!

I will confess that the identification of that unmistakable lean body and black head filled me with a sudden disquietude of which it would have been hard to give the reason. The very silence of the man sowed fear and mistrust in my heart. And so it was that instead of breaking from our hiding place and seizing the impudent intruder I put a hand on Montgomery and constrained him to retire with me into the lower passages. We concealed ourselves in one of the side galleries and there awaited Hood's return, for that he would return I had no doubt. Evidently he and Sercombe communicated with each other by means of flashing lights, and it was equally evident that Sercombe's signal must have been to postpone action. I could see pretty plainly the method Hood intended to adopt. He was to admit the marauders to the castle by lowering the drawbridge and raising the portcullis, after which they would have the three of us at their mercy. But the presence of the police in the neighborhood had saved us from that fate for one night at least, and, thanks to Montgomery's quick ears, it would be strange if we did not manage to put another face on the position by the morrow.

I was right in my conjecture, for shortly afterward we heard the returning feet sound along the stones. He passed the end of our passage, holding his lantern before him, and when he had disappeared we hurried out into the corridor and sped after him. Once we saw the spot of light that glowed in the vicinity of that shadow pause and waver. I dare say that some sound had caught his ear, and he turned and listened. We shrank into the protection of the wall until the footsteps had resumed their way. By this time I had guessed his errand, or at least his destination. He was bound for the treasure chamber in the keep and had probably come from there previously. Possibly it had been his hiding place. Here again my assumption proved correct, and we watched him open the cupboard in the wall and vanish like an expert, lantern and all, into the abyss.

"We must take him tonight," said I to Montgomery. "It won't do to let him get out of range."

Montgomery nodded and, cautiously approaching, pulled open the door in the wall. Drawing himself up, he clambered through the space and slid down into the farther room, making wonderfully small noise for so huge a body. I followed. But Hood was not in the lower room—at least there was no light to pierce the utter darkness—and, moreover, I think we both knew that he was in the loft above us. Together we crawled up the steps and once more looked in through the friendly aperture of a door upon the chief of our bitter enemies. Hood, kneeling upon the floor, was bent over the chests which contained the treasure.

Suddenly he started and lifted his head. It may have been that the door creaked, or perhaps he caught the sound of our breathing. All I know is that the next moment, and just as Montgomery leaped forward at a stride upon him, he put out his arm and with a swift movement overturned the lantern. The room was at once plunged in darkness, darkness so thick and gravelike that it was incredible. Eternal night dwelt and brooded in those rayless dungeons, and she resumed her empire greedily from that meek, usurping candle. Montgomery's rush carried him to the corner where the boxes lay, but he encountered no one. Hood by some slippery movement had glided away, and where he was in the solid darkness neither of us could say. I gathered this from the silence that ensued upon Montgomery's spring. I heard him pick himself up, and then there was a hush. I stood with my back against the door in a state of intense suspense. There came a slight soft sound, and a dagger whizzed past me and struck in the oak with a loud tang. I sprang forward, but my fist took the air.

Montgomery, from his corner, made a rush toward me, and I heard another of those horrid "tangs" and an exclamation of pain. Then there fell silence again, and presently an invisible person seemed to pass before me. I thrust out my arms, and again a soft and slender form touched me gently, and there came the clang and clatter of a knife upon the wall, pinning my coat sleeve to the woodwork; but upon that there bore down upon us the sprawling form of Montgomery, and two people were fighting upon the floor before me. Tap, tap, tap went the horrid knife upon the floor, and then silence again, broken only by heavy noises in the throat. With formidable fears in my breast, I struck a match, casting a thread of light upon the scene of the struggle. Hood lay in Montgomery's arms, crumpled like a snake whose back is broken, one hand (which held a knife) stretched inert along the floor, his head thrown back, his face white through its sallow discoloration, and his eyelids lowered over his strange eyes.

"Good heavens, you have killed him!" said I.

Montgomery looked doubtful. "I don't think so," he panted; "but he was the very devil to tackle with that knife of his. I may have squeezed too hard. Something did crack, but"—

I pulled him aside. "Light the lantern, old chap," I said.

Hood fell loosely to the floor as Montgomery moved his arms, and opened

Hood was bent over the chests.

his eyes, which fell on me sharp and ardent, burning with a violent light. He sat up.

"You have me, sir," he remarked.

"Yes, my man," said I cheerfully, "I think we may go so far as to say that."

Hood turned on his side, and I kicked the dagger out of his reach.

"If you don't mind, sir, I should like to be eating something," he said quietly. "I've had nothing all day."

He looked toward the treasure chests, and I perceived upon one of these the preparations for a meal. I laughed. "You know the house well, I see, Hood."

"Yes, sir," said he. "I've done a good deal of foraging, sir, at one time and another."

"Very well. Have your meal," I agreed. "Any bones broken?"

"Thank you, sir; none, sir. A bit stiff, sir; that's all."

"Then I think we'll leave you to your supper, Hood," I said. I examined the candle in the lantern; it would last some hours. Ere it burned out I would revisit the prisoner with some supplies.

"You are not going to keep him here?" asked Montgomery in some surprise.

I nodded. "For the present."

We passed out, and I turned the key in the lock.

"He'll stifle in there," expostulated Montgomery.

"Oh, dear, no!" said I. "It's not the first time the keep has been used as a dungeon, though I dare say it will be the last."

I think the boy took a grewsome fear of me on that occasion, regarding me with horror as a malevolent and barbarous tyrant, but in truth I had a purpose in my seeming malice, as will appear.

CHAPTER XIV.

We had now a prisoner of war, lawfully taken in the flagrant act, and must consider what to do with him. For myself, I had already solved the riddle in my own way. To say the truth, I was getting a distaste for the adventure. It implied too many hard knocks, too rough a usage for a summer holiday, and, what was much worse, it entailed on me a grave responsibility.

It seemed to me that the drift of these lawless events was wholly in the direction of murder. The word was ugly enough, but it must be faced. Murder is what the law would call it, and murder was what it came near being at the best. The [illegible] of Hood, then, opened a road of escape, and I had already resolved to employ it. Of course it would have been possible still to have surrendered the treasure to the crown or to have handed it into the possession of Sercombe's party; but, though I was reluctant to continue the bloody struggle, I was certainly indisposed to haul down my flag. If it were to be peace, it should be peace with honor. And the body of Hood gave me my means.

I was able after some argument to carry my point with the others. They had both a kindly fancy for the fighting and were inclined to take my announcement in a chapfallen manner. But I explained that I was making no decision of myself; that I was one of three and that I had merely offered the suggestion as my contribution to the counsels of war. Upon that I added the very cogent reasons which I had prepared in favor of my advice, and the end of the talk was that they accepted the plans I unfolded.

To execute my scheme it was necessary to see Sercombe. But first I must pay a visit to the prisoner, who by the time we had arrived at a conclusion had lain in the blackness of that abominable dungeon for five hours. Sheppard, indeed, had been eager to interview him, and upon hearing of the capture had at once betaken himself to the keep. He was absent half an hour, but I did not inquire what he had been doing. I merely looked at him interrogatively when he returned, which he did wearing a graver face than was usual to him. Noting the inquiry in my glance, he shook his head.

"That man is dangerous," he said—"abnormally dangerous."

"Montgomery and I have occasion to know that," I replied. "He is a snake—that is the substantive—and I doubt very much whether we can kill him."

"I have my doubts whether we can even scotch him," said Sheppard dryly and then dismissed the subject.

Yet my conversation with Hood later was very commonplace and marked by no particular points. He kept his customary face of obsequiousness and gave me the briefest replies to my interrogations. I was specially exercised in my mind as to the manner of his entrance into the castle. For all his dexterity and cunning, I could not see how, carefully watched as our fortress was, he had managed to gain admittance over the drawbridge and through the closed portcullis. At the question, which was delivered point blank, he turned his luminous eyes upon me and regarded me with a shifty smile, the shadow of a smile, betokening no amusement.

"I don't mind telling you, sir," he murmured, "though it's not what I would say to most gentlemen. But you have been a gentleman, sir, throughout, and I should be proud to have served you. I came with the party in the morning, sir."

"What!" said I. "You were with the storming party?"

"Yes, sir. Seeing you engaged, I crept away. I know the house, sir, being with my poor master so long. And I don't hold with violence where you can do without it."

I opened my eyes. The man's plans were conceived with excellent craft. It would be the last thing I should have thought of, and yet it was so simple to take advantage of the confusion and secrete himself upon the battlements after his allies had fled.

"You are a rascal, Hood," I returned, not without admiration. "But you are a clever rascal."

"Thank you, sir," said Hood.

"Yes," I continued, "you have had a smart shot for it, but your game is up, my man. Clever as you are, I have you caged, and I think Captain Sercombe and his scoundrels are further from the gold than ever."

"It looks like it, sir," admitted Hood.

I looked round upon the dark and grimy walls. "This is a mean hole for a man of your parts to lie festering in," I said, "but I see no choice before you. You have made your own bed, and you must lie in it. A man might rot here and drop into the bones of a skeleton without sound or sense of the outside world. The bodies of many captives have decayed within these gloomy walls."

"Have they, indeed, sir?" said Hood politely. He sat upon one of the oaken cases, his eyes bent upon me earnestly, his body almost couchant for a spring. I could have believed the man was preparing a sudden assault upon me but that I knew he carried no weapon and I was of stronger and bigger build than he. But apparently nothing of the sort was in his mind. It was merely the deference due to my position which he proclaimed in that attention. That mask of the trained servant concealed his individuality now as ever. Never once had I seen the veil lifted and the real man exposed and naked to the light of day.

"Hood," said I, almost with a sigh of despair at his imperturbable calm, "do you want to stay here indefinitely?"

"Certainly not, sir; by your leave, sir," he answered promptly.

"Then upon what terms shall I offer you release?" His eyes dropped, and there was silence. "Remember," said I, "that no one outside ourselves is aware of your existence here. You may be hidden here till the day of judgment and none be the wiser, and even then your bones will scarcely see the light of day. What do you propose?"

Hood shifted his gaze to my face. "Anything that's convenient to you, sir. I'd rather leave it to you, sir."

I experienced a strange impulse to cry out with some emotion, but whether this was astonishment, anger or a mere sense of the ridiculous, or whether it was a combination of all three, I could not have said. I rose from my seat, controlling my voice with difficulty.

"Very well, Hood," I said. "It shall be left to me, as you suggest." And with that I stalked out of the dungeon and locked the door.

It was impossible to transact business with such a man. I felt the need of reciprocity, whereas dealing with Hood reminded me of nothing so much as of digging at a piece of rubber that will fly gently back when the pressure is removed. And so it must be with Sercombe that I should arrange the details of a compromise, or at least the terms of a truce if not of a permanent peace.

Sercombe was absent from the inn, but I learned that he was in Raymond, and, taking our horses, Montgomery and I rode across to the little town in the early hours of the afternoon. We ran upon the captain himself in High street and as we were making for the Swan to put up our nags. He welcomed us cheerily and, mopping his red forehead (for the day was very sultry), invited us to drink with him.

Continued on eighth page.

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The Adventurers

By H. B. MARRIOTT WATSON

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"Just stepping across to the Swan," said he. "Come along and put up your toes. Ecuador was nothing to this."

I accepted with a nod, and presently we were seated in the commercial room by the window that looked out upon the courtyard, sipping a cooling draft.

"I prefer," says the captain hospitably, "to drink in company rather than alone. And that's the distinction between a drinker and a drunkard, Master Montgomery. Take it from me." With which he threw back his head and took a long pull at his glass. "I have not felt so warm since I was in Abyssinia," he remarked.

"Ah," said I, "you are right, captain. Hot is the word. I'm sure from my heart I envy Hood."

Sercombe pricked up his ears, regarding me inquisitively.

"Yes," I went on, leaning back in my chair; "cool, damp floors, cold stone walls and neither the sun nor the moon to smite him—that's my notion of comfort this weather."

Sercombe paused in the act of drinking and put down his glass. "What is this conundrum, Mr. Greatorex?" he asked in a puzzled way.

"'Tis no conundrum," I replied airily. "By the way, where did you say your friend Hood was?"

He looked at me under his red eyebrows. "Mr. Hood," he said, "is on business of his own. He is a gentleman at large, but he has affairs."

"No doubt, no doubt," I remarked amiably. "This is an excellent cooling drink, captain."

Sercombe puffed at his cigar, continuing to study our faces. Upon Montgomery's, I dare say, he perceived a smile of triumph, for he suddenly put down his cigar and folded his hands on his head.

"I fancy we've got to come to an understanding, Mr. Greatorex," he said slowly. "I'm slow of wit, no doubt, but I begin to see daylight. But I will call on you to observe that I am not responsible for Mr. Hood's movements."

"I have never imagined so," I answered. "On the contrary."

A frown, rather than a scowl, crossed his face. "Has it ever fallen to you, Mr. Greatorex, to be tied in a leash; to be— But I reckon as a barrister you are not particular about your cases. You have messed up with many a dirty attorney."

"You felicitate me too much," said I, with a bow. "I am unfortunate enough never to have had a brief."

"Ah!" said the captain and was for a moment silent. "You have Hood?" he asked.

The man's intelligence was quick; his wits were plying even more quickly.

"We have the honor to possess a prisoner of war," said I.

"I congratulate you, sir," said he, "upon an event I had always anticipated." Then again he was quiet, seeming absorbed in thought, but suddenly he sat up. "See here, Mr. Greatorex," he said, "I will be frank with you. This thing has not gone according to my notions, and that's flat. As for this folly of exploiting the castle from inside, I put no faith in it from the outset. A fair siege and a square siege is more to my taste. But you let up on us with that most of yours and those sharp eyes. I will confess I never saw a position held more keenly. But that's no use to us, and I tell you that I'm sick of it. Look; I'll tell you how I stand. I have my men—they're fine, mind you, and not Hood's—and I've no stomach to give it all up for nothing. But, between you and me, it's no champagne supper to defend the castle and lose half your natural life in blows and strategies; therefore, what do you say to terms?"

"Terms!" I echoed. "To ransom Hood?"

He ejaculated an oath. "Let the beast rot," he declared. "I'm talking of ourselves."

"Captain Sercombe," said I gently, "I knew Mr. Hood in this business era I knew you, and to my idea he was the prime mover in the conspiracy. Let us say that he is gone, and what have we to fear?"

Sercombe looked extremely blank, and I could see that my words had struck a vital spot.

"Hood," he said, "has done nothing but blunder, and besides"—

But he got no further, breaking off suddenly and as though with an effort.

"If that be so," said I, rising, "let us see how Captain Sercombe will manage matters."

"Hold hard," he interrupted. "Sit down awhile, sir. You have sprung this affair on me. I must take my counsel. Come, what do you say to going shares?"

I lifted my brows. "You are not serious?" I remarked.

He glanced furtively at Montgomery. "I will take one-third," he said, "and no questions asked."

"My dear sir," said I in amazement, "you embarrass me. Your terms are too liberal from a vanquished foe. I could not accept such generosity. And now, if you will allow me, as I have an appointment with Mr. Hood shortly, I must"—

But this alarmed him, as I could perceive, for he changed color and put out a finger to catch my arm.

"I will stand in with all of you!" he cried.

I smiled, but before I could reply an interruption fell in the entrance of the police sergeant, Jones, whom we had met before. He saluted us, and I made an inquiry as to his investigations.

"I am on a track, sir," he declared. "I can say no more." And he eyed Sercombe attentively.

"You've not struck those gypsies, I hear," said Sercombe, who had resumed his cigar with an appearance of nonchalance.

"No, sir."

"They're here today and somewhere else tomorrow. I hardly expected you would find them. They nose a scent pretty soon."

"I'm on a track, sir," repeated Jones.

"Glad to hear it," nodded the captain.

I went out with the sergeant, but Sercombe called to me.

"What is it?" I asked, standing in the doorway.

An anxious look troubled Sercombe's eye. "I have made you a proposition, Mr. Greatorex."

"That's true," said I gravely. "And I will ask you, captain, to better it. But, excuse me, my time is limited."

"You give me short shrift," exclaimed he, with a bitter laugh.

"Oh, no," I said; "but I dare say you will have time to think over it between now and 9 o'clock. If you can see your way to a more equitable adjustment, captain, perhaps you would be good enough to let me know by then?"

At that I left him and caught up with Montgomery, who had gone ahead with Jones.

"Excuse me, sir," said Jones politely, "but are you a very old friend of Captain Sercombe's?"

"Why, no," said I, "I have not known him long."

"Ah," said he, "an old gentleman, sir. Mr. Hood of the Woodman, he knows some queer stories about him."

"He says so, does he?" said I.

Jones emphatically wagged his head. "Very queer," he added. From which it appeared to me that Mr. Jones might not be quite so smart as he seemed, and also that Mr. Hood was even smarter. What his object might have been in spreading an evil reputation for Sercombe I could not guess, but that he had an object, and a material one, I did not doubt for a moment.

Continued next week.

BROOKSVILLE.

Mr. Erastus Perkins and Miss Flossy Armstrong visited Mrs. A. C. Pinkston Sunday.

Messrs. Merion Baxter and John Noel were in Springfield Saturday.

Quite a large crowd from this place attended the funeral of Mr. Walter Wells Sunday morning, at Willisburg. We extend sympathy to the bereaved ones.

Prof. T. J. Leathers and nephew, James Adkins visited Brooksville Sunday.

Miss Pearl Armstrong and sister, Myrtle, visited Mr. A. C. Pinkston Sunday.

Miss Nora Royalty and sister visited Mr. John Armstrong Saturday and Sunday.

Mr. Loss. Keeling is much better at this writing.

The remains of Mrs. Harrison Steele were buried at Willisburg Friday morning.

Mr. Purdom Pinkston will leave the last of this month for Illinois.

Success to The Sun.

PRATHERS CREEK.

Mr. Will Kimberlin and wife visited the latter's sister, of near Texas, Sunday.

G. H Christerson and J. M. Russell attended the sale of E. R. Lester on last Friday.

Mrs. Sallie Kimberlin is with her daughter, who is very sick, at Enido, Boyle county.

J. M. Christerson, of Stewart, visited his brother Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Less. Coyle, of Jenkinsville, visited R. F. Best Saturday and Sunday.

Any one having items of interest that they wish to be published will please hand them to the correspondent.

THE WEEK END VISIT.

How to Prepare For One and Accept an Invitation.

A week end visit to the home of an out of town friend has become one of the most popular and delightful forms of entertainment for the invited guest, says the Brooklyn Times. The centering of interests in big cities keeps the busy people of the twentieth century away from the beauties of nature, and to many the suburban home offers the only means of breathing in the freedom and luxury of pure country air and then only for a few brief hours at the end of the week.

The usual form of invitation for the week end is a short note from the lady of the house, the answer to which should be something as follows:

My Dear Mrs. Flagg—Your kind note inviting me to spend the Sunday of the 12th with you and your family reached me this morning, and I shall be delighted to accept. Awaiting the pleasure of seeing you all, I am, very sincerely,

JOHN JONES.

Should a previous engagement prevent the acceptance of the invitation, an immediate reply is most courteous. If the invitation comes in the form of an unsealed note brought by an employer or some friend from his wife, a prompt answer should be sent by mail. A verbal invitation demands a decisive and polite acceptance or refusal.

For a girl correct attire is represented in a smart tailored suit with dainty shirt waist for traveling to and from the friend's house, while a best hat which is not too perishable in its make-up is none too good for this short Sunday trip. At a very fashionable week end each girl brings a steamer trunk, with four or more appropriate costumes for outdoor sports, dancing, etc. The girl of small allowance, however, requires simply a dress suit case containing a light, fluffy dress for wear at dinner and during the evenings of Saturday and Sunday, a silk dress, if she possesses one, for church, etc., on Sunday, or a silk or other dainty separate waist.

A man's clothes consist of the well pressed business suit which he wears and plenty of immaculate linen in a hand bag, with a number of changes in neck scarfs and a good warm overcoat. The man who is fortunate enough to possess one also carries his dress suit, with clawhammer coat.

Before retiring at night ascertain at what hour the family breakfasts. It is the height of rudeness to keep any meals waiting for you to put in an appearance. If the family attend church you should accompany them, appearing at breakfast in the costume you are to wear for the day.

A gracious form for the note of thanks is this:

My Dear Mrs. Flagg—My short stay with you was extremely pleasant, and I returned to town feeling greatly refreshed. Kindly accept my thanks for the outing and, with remembrances to your family, believe me, sincerely,

JOHN JONES.

How to Make a Paper Picture Frame.

To make a paper picture frame take sixteen small squares of colored paper. Fold one in four parts, then open. Put the pointed edges in the middle, where the four creases meet, says a correspondent of the Brooklyn Eagle. Turn the next corners back to the center. Pull one corner out and likewise the other four and let them hang so as to look like a table. Pull the middle of the four sides to the center of the square. Flatten down to make four small squares on a large square. When this has been accomplished turn in the edges on the four small squares from the two side points. Do the same with each one of the other sixteen squares. When each one is finished insert into each other, the first being placed as a square, the second as a diamond, each being alternated. If two colors of papers are used, one color should be used for the squares and the other for the diamonds.

SYCAMORE VALLEY.

We are having some beautiful weather, and some have burned their tobacco beds.

There is a great deal of sickness in the valley. Uncle Coll Settles is mdch improved at this writing.

Mrs. J. D. Sutherland is out again after a very severe attack of lagrippe.

Mrs. Lucinda McIlvoy, who has been in Illinois, is visiting her son, Thomas McIlvoy.

Mr. and Mrs. Z. P. Leachman, Mrs. Annie Godby and children and Rev. and Mrs. W. E. Sutherland were the pleasant guests of T. W. Sutherland last Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Hickerson and little daughter, Maggie, of near Mackville, spent Sunday with T. W. Sutherland and family.

Mr. Evan Armstrong and Miss Lulie Pinkston were quietly married at Rev. Simms' last Saturday. The couple is well known at this place and their many friends congratulate them, and wish them a long and happy life.

T. W. and W. E. Sutherland sold a bunch of shoats to Montgomery and McIlvoy at 5c per lb.

J. M. Seields and Marshal Keeling have returned from Louisville, where they had been selling their tobacco. They avaraged 8 and 9 cents.

W. C. Cammack, of Sparrow, visited his daughter, Mrs. J. D. Sutherland, Saturday.

J. D. Sutherland attended the funeral of Dr. Walter Wells Sunday.

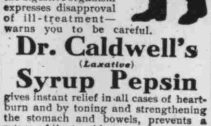
Rev. W. E. Sutherland attended church at Springfield Sunday.

W. C. Dudgeon, who has been making his home in Louisville, has returned and will make his home with Mr. Thomas.

Marshal Keeling and wife visited the latter's parents, Brooksville Sunday.

Evan Armstrong and wife visited the latter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. L. A. Pinkston, Saturday.

Heartburn



You know what it is—few people are exempt from frequent "spells" of this distressing complaint.

The appetite becomes impaired, while a severe gnawing or burning sensation is experienced in the upper part of the abdomen.

Heartburn is one of the many ways in which the digestive organism expresses disapproval of ill-treatment—warns you to be careful.

Dr. Caldwell's (Laxative) **Syrup Pepsin**

gives instant relief in all cases of heartburn and by toning and strengthening the stomach and bowels, prevents a return of the trouble.

DR. CALDWELL'S SYRUP PEPSIN is an invaluable remedy for all trouble arising from the stomach, bowels, liver and kidneys, and because of its purity can be used with impunity for both children and grown folks.

DR. CALDWELL'S SYRUP PEPSIN can be obtained in both dollar and half-dollar sizes from all druggists.

Your money will be refunded if it does not benefit you.

Your postal card request will bring by return mail our new booklet, "DR. CALDWELL'S BOOK OF WONDERS" and free sample to those who have never tried this wonderful remedy. Do it now.

PEPSIN SYRUP CO.
Monticello, Illinois
Sold by The Red Cross Drug Store.

Announcements

Illinois Central R. R.

The Illinois Central mantains Double Daily Service, and operates the best trains, with Dining Cars, Chair Cars, and Sleeping Cars, from Chicago, St. Louis, Cincinnati and Louisville south to New Orleans. The best road for reaching the Winter Tourist resorts of the South including

New Orleans, Vicksburg,

Gulfport, Miss. Hammond La.

Mardi Gras at New Orleans Feb. 17, '06. Gulfport is a Mexcian Gulf Coast resort having the new fine "Great Southern" Hotel. Regular ocean steamship sailings from New Orleans for Mexico, Central America, Panama, West Indies and Europe. Send or call for descriptive mtater in regard to the above.

HAVANA VIA NEW ORLEANS.

Havana, Cuba, is best reached via the Illinois Central through service to New Orleans and the new ocean liner, twin-screw, nineteen-knot

S. S. PRINCE ARTHUR

leaving New Orleans every Wednesday at 4.00 p. m. and arriving at Havana at sunrise Friday morning.

Extremely low one way and round trip Rates to points in Mississippi, Louisiana, Arkansas, Indian Teritory, Oklahoma and Texas, on the first and third Tuesday of each month.

Hot Springs, Ark., Florida—Daily Sleeping Car without change Louisville to Memphis.

FULL PARTICULARS concerning all the above can be had by addressing

F. W. HARLOW, D. P. A.,
Louisville, Ky.

Administrator's SALE!

As Administrator of W. S. Clarkson, deceased, I will at the late home of the deceased three miles and a half from Springfield, on Lebenon pike on

Thursday, February 15, 1906

beginning at 10 o'clock sell the following property:

Two Brood Work Mares, in foal to Jack; one Black Mare, in foal to Rayview; one Bay Saddle Mare, in foal to Jack; one 2-year-old Filly, by Norvin W.; one 4-year-old Work Horse, one aged work Horse, one family driving Horse, one weanling colt by Rayview, six Jennetts, one Jack Colt, seven Milck Cows, two Jersey Heifers, five Heifer Calves, two Steer Calves, six Brood Sows, forty Feeding Hogs, thirty Sheep.

Farming Implements, Gears and Feed.

If not rented privately beforehand the farm will be rented on the day of sale to the highest bidder.

TERMS:—Sums under $10 cash. $10 and over a credit of 12 months with note bearing 6 per cent. interest from date.

LLOYD CLARKSON, Admr.

S. M. CAMPBELL, Auctioneer.

Springfield Market

Bacon—Hams, 15c; Sides, 12½c.
Beeswax—24c per pound.
Butter—15c to 20c per pound.
Chickens—Hens, 8 c; Spring, 9c
Dried apples, 5c per pound.
Ducks—8c per pound.
Corn Meal—75c to 80c. per bushel.
Eggs—13c per dozen.
Feathers—45c per pound.
Flour—$2.90 to $3.
Ginseng—$7.50 per pound.
Grain—Wheat 85c; corn, 60c; Oats
Hides—Green, 9½c to 10½c
Lard—10c per pound.
Lime—90c to $1.00 per barrel.
Mill products—Bran 80; shipstuff, $1.00 per 100 pounds.
Potatoes—Country, 80c.
Onions—$1.00.
Salt—$1.45 and $1.85 per barrel.
Turkeys—10 per pound.
Tallow—4c per pound.
Vinegar—25c to 40c per gallon.
Wool—Burry and greasy, 14½c; clear of grease, 20c; tub washed, 28c.
Country Sorghum—45c to 50c
Geese—50c a peice

"Washington Circuit Court."

W. K. Marks, Surviving Partner, Etc., Pltfs., vs. Florida M. Marks, Etc., Defts.

By virtue of an order of the Washington Circuit Court made in the above styled cause, all persons having claims against Marks Bros. and G. R. Marks, deceased, will be required to file their claims, properly proven, before me not later than March 1, 1906. I will hold my sittings at my office in Springfield for the purpose of receiving claims from Feb. 1 to March 1, 1906.

M. G. LEACHMAN, M. C. W. C. C.

At the Baptist prayer meeting in Mt. Olivet last week, one-third of the populace attended.

E. A. Winterfeldt, clothier at Ripley, Mason county, has failed, due, it is said, to the fact there was no winter felt and slow demand for clothing.

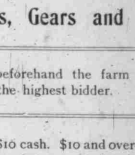
Meats

Below we print a sort of a "meat directory." Anything you want, any time you want it:

Roast
Steak
Pork Roast
Pork Chops
Fresh Sausage
Mutton Roast
Mutton Chops
Veal Roast
Veal Chops
Veal Cutletts
Pickled Pig Feet
Pickled Bologna
Ham
Breakfast Bacon
Mince Meat
Fish Every Thursday
Oysters Wednesday

CARPENTER'S Meat Market

WHITE'S Cream Vermifuge



THE GUARANTEED WORM REMEDY

THE CHILDREN'S FAVORITE TONIC.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS. THE GENUINE PREPARED ONLY BY Ballard-Snow Liniment Co. ST. LOUIS, MO.

For sale by C. J. Haydon, Springfield.

SUBSCRIBERS FREE COLUMN.

Under this head all persons who are subscribers to The Sun may insert free of charge advertisements of wheat, corn, oats and other farm products, stock, etc., for sale or wanted. Land for sale or for rent not included, but inserted in another department of the paper at very low rates.

T. K. Smith, Springfield, has for sale a good work horse; first-class driver. Also a good rubber tire buggy.

J. W. Tucker, Springfield, has for sale 500 loucus post.

R. A. Wheatley, Route 2, has for sale an extra good six-year-old mare. Works everywhere; fine driver. In foal.

Mrs. Sherman Martin has for sale Rhode Island Reds and Plymouth Rock hens and roosters.

S. M. Campbell, Springfield, has for sale two horses—one 4-year-old, in foal by Jack, the other 8-year-old.

E. T. Perkins, Cardwell, has for sale one extra good work mare in foal to Jack.

L. M. Gregory, Springfield, Ky., R. F. D. No. 3, has for sale 6 nice poland china boars and 6 nice gilts. One brood mare in foal to B. B. Leachman's fine Jack.

Mrs. B. L. Litsey, R. F. D. No. 3 has for sale S. C. Brown Leghorns and Buff Orpington Cockerals.

Mrs. C. L. Grundy, Springfield, Ky., has for sale thorougher bred Brown Leghorn cocks at 50 cents each if taken at once

READ THIS.

Symsonia, Ky., March 30, 1903.

Dr. E. W. Hall, St. Louis, Mo.: Dear Sir—I would like to become your agent for the sale of your medicine in this neighborhood. Your Texas Wonder has saved the life of one man whom two doctors had given up to die, and there is none of your medicine sold nearer than fifteen miles of this place, so I would be pleased to hear from you concerning the agency as soon as possible.

ED DRAFFEN,
Symsonia, Ky.

One small bottle of the Texas Wonder, Hall's Great Discovery, cures all kidney and bladder troubles, removes gravel, cures diabetes, seminal emissions, weak and lame backs, rheumatism and all irregularities of the kidneys and bladder in both men and women, regulates bladder trouble in children. If not sold by your druggist, it will be sent by mail on receipt of $1. One small bottle is two months treatment and seldom fails to perfect a cure. Dr. E. W. Hall, Sole Manufacturer, P. O. Box 629, St. Louis, Mo. Send for otestimonial. Sld by all druggists.

BALLARD'S SNOW LINIMENT

A SURE CURE FOR RHEUMATISM, CUTS, SPRAINS, WOUNDS, OLD SORES, CORNS, BUNIONS, GALLS, BRUISES, CONTRACTED MUSCLES, LAME BACK, STIFF JOINTS, FROSTED FEET, BURNS, SCALDS, ETC.

AN ANTISEPTIC that stops Irritation, subdues Inflammation and drives out Pain.

PENETRATES the Pores, loosens the Fibrous Tissues, promotes a free circulation of the Blood, giving the Muscles natural elasticity.

CURED OF PARALYSIS

W. S. Bailey, P. O. True, Texas, writes: "My wife had been suffering five years with paralysis in her arm, when I was persuaded to use Ballard's Snow Liniment, which effected a complete cure. I have also used it for old sores, frost bites and skin eruptions. It does the work."

BEST LINIMENT ON EARTH ONCE TRIED, ALWAYS USED REFUSE ALL SUBSTITUTES

THREE SIZES: 25c, 50c and $1.00

BALLARD SNOW LINIMENT CO.
ST. LOUIS, U. S. A.

SOLD AND RECOMMENDED BY
C. J. HAYDON, - - - - Springfield, Ky.